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THE

WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.
IN
EIGHT VOLUMES.

Collated and Corrected by the former Editions,

BY MR. POPE.

PRINTED FROM HIS SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME VIII. PART I.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS
M.DCC.LXVI.

CYM
RON



VOLUME VIII. PART I.

CYMBELINE.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

C



MR.

C Y M B E L I N E.

A

T R A G E D Y.

THE AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

ACCORDING TO

MR. POPE'S SECOND EDITION.

G L A S G O W:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS

M.DCC.LXV.

C



V

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

VOL. VIII.

A 2

Dramatis Personae.

• CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.

GUIDERIUS, } disguis'd under the names of Polidore
ARVIRAGUS, } & Cadwal, supposed sons to Bellarius.

BELLARIUS, a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.

PHILARIO, an Italian, friend to Posthumus.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, ambassador from Rome.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

CORNELIUS, a Doctor, servant to the Queen.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts,
a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other attendants.

SCENE, for some part of the first, second, and third
Acts, lyes in ROME; for the rest of the Play in
BRITAIN.

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron,
day 2. nov. 9. little besides the names
being historical.



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A C T I. S C E N E I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace in Britain.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.

Y^OU do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers ;
But seem as do's the king's.

2 GENT. But what's the matter ?

I GENT. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom
(whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded.

Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd. All
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 GENT. None but the king ?

I GENT. He that hath lost her too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 GENT. And why so ?

I GENT. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man !
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,

As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 GENT. You speak him fair.

1 GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 GENT. What's his name and birth?

1 GENT. I cannot delve him to the root : his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who in the wars o' th' time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady
Big of this gentleman, our theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred.
His spring became a harvest : liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'lt ; to th' more mature,
A glass that featur'd them ; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price

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Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 GENT. I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is she sole child to the king?

1 GENT. His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I'th' swathing cloaths the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 GENT. How long is this ago?

1 GENT. Some twenty years. [vey'd!

2 GENT. That a king's children should be so con-
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them!——

1 GENT. Howfoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 GENT. I do well believe. [man,

1 GENT. We must forbear. Here comes the gentle-
The queen, and princefs. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN, and at-
tendants.*

QUEEN. No, be assur'd you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,

I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and were good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POST. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

IMO. Dissembling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

POST. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him

[*Aside.*]

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To walk this way ; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit.

POST. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow : adieu.

IMO. Nay, stay a little——

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's ; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POST. How, how ? another !
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here !

[Putting on the ring.

While sense can keep thee on : and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss ; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

IMO. O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

SCENE III.

Enter CYMBELINE, and lords.

POST. Alack, the king !

[Sight :

CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

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B

POST. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone.

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

CYM. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

IMO. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation,
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYM. Past grace? obedience?

IMO. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.

CYM. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my
queen.

IMO. O blest that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a † puttock.

CYM. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

IMO. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

CYM. O thou vile one!

IMO. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

CYM. Why? art thou mad?

IMO. Almost, sir; heav'n restore me: would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

† a sort of kite.

[Exit.

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Enter Queen.

CYM. Thou foolish thing;

[*Exit.* They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.QUEEN. Beseech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us t'ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.CYM. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly.[*Exit.**Enter PISANIO.*QUEEN. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, sir? what news?

PIS. My lord your son, drew on my master.

QUEEN. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I'm very glad on't.

[*part,*IMO. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his
To draw upon an exile: O brave sir!I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?PIS. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ meQUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour

He will remain so.

PIS. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray walk a while.

[me;

IMO. About some half hour hence, pray speak with
You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard.

For this time leave me.—

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none
abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

CLOT. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 LORD. No faith: Not so much as his patience.

1 LORD. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass
if he be not hurt. it is a thorough-fair for steel if it be
not hurt.

2 LORD. His steel was in debt, it went o'th' back-
side the town.

CLOT. The villain would not stand me.

2 LORD. No, but he fled *forward* still, toward your
face.

1 LORD. Stand you? you have land enough of your
own; but he added to your having, gave you some
ground.

2 LORD. As many inches as you have oceans, pup-
pies! [aside.

CLOT. I would they had not come between us.

2 LORD. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [aside.

CLOT. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me!

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2 LORD. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's
damn'd. [aside.]

1 LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I
have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 LORD. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflec-
tion should hurt her. [aside.]

CLOT. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there
had been some hurt done!

2 LORD. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall
of an ass, which is no great hurt. [aside.]

CLOT. You'll go with us?

1 LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

CLOT. Nay come, let's go together.

2 LORD. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter IMOGEN, and PISANIO.

IMO. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'
haven,

And questioned'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

PIS. 'Twas, His queen, his queen!

IMO. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

PIS. And kiss'd it, madam.

IMO. Senseless linen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's mind
 Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
 How swift his ship.

IMO. Thou should'st have made him
 As little as a crow, or less, ere left
 To after-eye him.

PIS. Madam, so I did.

IMO. 'I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt
 'em, but

'To look upon him; 'till the diminution
 'Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
 'Nay follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
 'The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
 'Have turn'd mine eye, and wept—but, good Pisanio,
 When shall we hear from him?

PIS. Be assur'd, madam,
 With his next vantage.

IMO. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
 The she's of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 T'encounter me with orisons, (for then
 I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

LADY. The Queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

IMO. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.

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I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

R O M E.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a French man.

IACH. Believe it, fir, I have seen him in Britain; he was then but crescent, none expected him to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to persuade him by *Items*.

PHIL. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCH. And then his banishment——

IACH. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

PHIL. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Britain. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

POST. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by other experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

FRENCH. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have slain both.

IACH. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

FRENCH. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-

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mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wife, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

IACH. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

POST. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

IACH. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

POST. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

IACH. As fair, and as good; a kind of hand-in-hand comparison had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany: if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

POST. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

IACH. What do you esteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

IACH. Either your paragon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

POST. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACH. Which the gods have given you?

POST. Which by their graces I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds.

Your ring may be stoln too ; so your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a (that way) accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

POST. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress ; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail ; I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

PHIL. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POST. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

IACH. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress ; make her go back, even to the yielding : had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

POST. No, no.

IACH. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something : but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

POST. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perswasion ; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

IACH. What's that :

POST. A repulse ; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more ; a punishment too.

PHIL. Gentlemen, enough of this ; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

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IACH. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

POST. What lady would you chuse to assail?

IACH. Yours; who in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

POST. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

IACH. You are a friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy lady's flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

POST. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

IACH. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

POST. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

PHIL. I will have it no lay.

IACH. By the gods it is one. If I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours: so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

POST. I embrace these conditions; let us have ar-

ticles betwixt us ; only thus far you shall answer ; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise ; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

IACH. Your hand, a covenant ; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed.

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you ?

PHIL. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS with a viol.

QUEEN. While yet the dew's on ground gather those flowers.

Make haste. Who has the note of them ?

LADIES. I, madam.

QUEEN. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now master doctor, have you brought those drugs ?

COR. Pleaseth your highness, ay ; here they are, madam ;

But I beseech your grace without offence

(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds ?

Which are the movers of a languishing death ;

But though slow, deadly.

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QUEEN. I wonder, doctor,
 Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
 Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
 To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so,
 That our great king himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
 Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, but none human;
 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather
 Their sev'ral virtues, and effects.

COR. Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noysome and infectious.

QUEEN. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him
 Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
 An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio?
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
 Take your own way. [*aside.*]

COR. I do suspect you, madam. [*aside.*]
 But you shall do no harm.

QUEEN. Hark thee a word. [*To Pisanio.*]

COR. I do not like her. She doth think she has
 Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
 Will stupifie and dull the sense a while;
 Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,

Then afterward up higher ; but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

QUEEN. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.

QUEEN. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? dost thou
 think in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses ? do thou work ;
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master ; greater ; for
 His fortunes all lye speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
 To be depend on a thing that leans ?
 Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
 So much as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st up

[Pisano looking on the viol.

Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour,
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay I pr'ythee take it,
 It is an earnest of a farther good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself :
 Think what a chance thou chancest on, but think

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Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women——

[Exit Pifa.]

[Exit. oft thou son,
 Think on my words.——A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master,
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord. I've giv'n him that,
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet ; and which she after
 (Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

So, so ; well done, well done ;
 The violets, cowslips, and the prim-roses,
 Bear to my closet ; fare thee well, Pisanio,
 Think on my words. [Ex. Queen and ladies.]

PIS. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choak myself ; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter IMOGEN alone.

IMO. A Father cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband !
 My supream crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it——had I been thief-stoln,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious. Bless'd be those.

How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

PIS. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACH. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

IMO. Thanks, good sir,
You're kindly welcome.

IACH. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me audacity from head to foot.
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

IMOGEN reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully——
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

IACH. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and as twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not

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Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i'th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;
For Ideots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite. Nor in the appetite,
Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit ev'n emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

IMO. What is the matter trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, that tub
Both fill'd and rnnning: ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

IMO. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

IACH. Thanks, madam, well—— Beseech you, sir,
[To Pisanio.]

Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and peevish.

PIS. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

IMO. Continues well my lord?
His health, beseech you?

IACH. Well, madam.

IMO. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

IACH. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there.
So merry, and so gamefome; he is call'd
The Britain reveller.

IMO. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

IACH. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick * sighs from him; whiles the jolly Britain,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries
Oh!——

Can my sides hold, to think, that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

IMO. Will my lord say so?

[ter.

IACH. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laugh-
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but heav'n knows
Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope.

[might

IACH. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'ards him
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

IMO. What do you pity, sir?

IACH. Two creatures heartily.

IMO. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

IACH. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'th' dungeon by a snuff?

IMO. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers

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To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

IACH. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

IMO. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me ; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born ;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

IACH. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ? join grips with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour ?
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ? it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

IMO. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himself. Not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

IACH. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastned to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd venters
To play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boyl'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

IMO. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

IACH. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despatch, upon your purse? revenge it!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

IMO. What ho, Pisanio!—

IACH. Let me my service tender on your lips.

IMO. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'st here a lady, that disdains

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Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!——

The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A sawcy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

IACH. O happy Leonatus, I may say,
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthy fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him:
Half all mens hearts are his.

IMO. You make amends.

IACH. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All's well, sir; take my pow'r i' th' court for
yours.

IACH. My humble thanks ; I had almost forgot
T'intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

IMO. Pray what is't ?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor :
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France ; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage : may it please you
To take them in protection.

IMO. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

IACH. They are in a trunk
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

IMO. O no, no.

[word

IACH. Yes, I beseech you : or I shall short my
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
I cross the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

IMO. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

IACH. I must, madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-stood my time, which is material

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To th' tender of our present.

IMO. I will write :

Send your trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,

And truly yielded you : You're very welcome. [*Exe.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had such luck ! when I kifs'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away ! I had an hundred pound on't ; and then a whorson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I had borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 LORD. What got he by that ? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 LORD. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

CLOT. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha ?

2 LORD. No, my lord : nor crop the ears of them.

CLOT. Whorson dog ! I give him satisfaction ? would he had been one of my rank.

2 LORD. To have smelt like a fool. [*aside.*]

CLOT. I am not vex't more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother ; every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 LORD. You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow cock with your comb on. [*aside*]

CLOT. Say'st thou?

2 LORD. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

CLOT. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 LORD. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

CLOT. Why so I say.

1 LORD. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

CLOT. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 LORD. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 LORD. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus's friends.

CLOT. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, wheresoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 LORD. One of your lordship's pages.

CLOT. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLOT. Not easily, I think.

2 LORD. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*aside*]

CLOT. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 LORD. I'll attend your lordship. [*Exit* CLOT.]
That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass; a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas poor princefs,
 Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ft,
 Betwixt a father by thy ftep dame govern'd,
 A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulfion is
 Of thy dear hufband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce — he'll make the heav'ns hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
 That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'ft ftand
 T'enjoy thy banifh'd lord : and this great land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A magnificent bed-chamber, in one part of it a large trunk.

IMOGEN *is discover'd reading in her bed, a lady attending.*

IMO. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

LADY. Please you, madam——

IMO. What hour is it ?

LADY. Almost midnight, madam. [weak,

IMO. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are
 Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed——

Take not away the taper. leave it burning :

And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,

I pr'ythee call me——sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods ;

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye.

[*sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*]

IACH. The crickets fmg, and man's o'er-labour'd
 fenfe

Repairs itself by rest : our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lilly,
 And whiter than the sheets ! that I might touch,
 But kifs, one kifs——rubies unparagon'd
 How dearly they do't !——'tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o'th' taper
 Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see th' inclosed lights, (now canopy'd
 Under the windows,) white and azure, lac'd
 With blew heav'ns own tinct——but my design's
 To note the chamber——I will write all down,
 Such and such pictures——there the window,—such
 Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures——
 Why such, and such—and the contents o'th' story—
 Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testifie, t' enrich my inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chappel lying. Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slipp'ry as the gordian knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience do's within,
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end
 Why should I write this down that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry. Sh' hath been reading late,

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The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up—I have enough—
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May *ope the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.

S C E N E III.

The Palace again.

Enter CLOTEN and lords.

I LORD. Your lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

CLOT. It would make any man cold to lose.

I LORD. But not every man patient, after the
 noble temper of your lordship; you are most hot and
 furious when you win.

CLOT. Winning will put any man into courage: If
 I could get this foolish Imogen, I shall have gold
 enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

I LORD. Day, my lord.

CLOT. I would this music would come: I am ad-
 vised to give her music a-mornings, they say it will
 penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate here with your
 fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will
 do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a
 very excellent good conceited thing; after, a won-
 derful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and
 then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lyes :
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes,
 With every thing that pretty is,
 My lady sweet arise :
 Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will confide
 your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in he
 ears ; which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voi
 of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and CYMBELINE.

2 LORD. Here comes the King.

CLOT. I am glad I was up so late, for that's th
 reason I was up so early : he cannot chuse but tak
 this service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow t
 your majesty, and to my gracious mother. [ter

CYM. Attend you here the door of our stern daugh
 Will she not forth ?

CLOT. I have assail'd her with musics, but sh
 vouchsafes no notice.

CYM. The exile of her minion is too new.
 She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
 And then she's yours.

QUEEN. You are most bound to th' King,
 Who lets go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
 To orderly sollicit ; and befriended
 With aptness of the season, make denials
 Encrease your services ; so seem, as if

sings,
 You are inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismissal tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

CLOT. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MES. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on
 We must extend our notice: our dear son,
 When you have giv'n good-morning to your mistress,
 Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queen.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

CLOT. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave ho!
 I know her women are about her——what
 If I do line one of their hands?——'tis gold
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield
 Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true-man: what
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.

[knocks]

Enter a Lady.

LADY. Who's there that knocks ?

CLOT. A gentleman.

LADY. No more ?

CLOT. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

LADY. That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : what's your lordship's pleasure ?

CLOT. Your lady's person, is she ready ?

LADY. Ay, to keep her chamber. [part.

CLOT. There is gold for you, sell me your good re-

LADY. How, my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ? The prince's——

Enter IMOGEN.

CLOT. Good-morrow fairest, sister your sweet hand.

IMO. Good-morrow, sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

CLOT. Still I swear I love you,

IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

CLOT. This is no answer.

IMO. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me, faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesie
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLOT. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

IMO. Fools are not mad folks.

CLOT. Do you call me fool ?

IMO. As I am mad I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, fir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners
 By being so verbal : and learn now for all,
 That I who know my heart, do here pronounce
 By th' very truth of it, I care not for you :
 And am so near the lack of charity
 T' accuse myself, I hate you : which I had rather
 You felt, than make my boast.

CLOT. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father ; for
 The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none :
 And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
 (Yet who than he more mean ?) to knit their souls
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot ;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
 The consequence o'th' crown and must not foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler ; not so eminent.

IMO. Prophane fellow !
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues to be stil'd
 The under hangman of this realm ; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

CLOT. The south-fog rot him !

IMO. He never can meet more mischance, than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment

That ever hath but clipt his body's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

CLOT. His garment? now the devil.

IMO. To Dorothy, my woman, hye thee presently.

CLOT. His garment?

IMO. I am frighted with a fool,

Frighted, and angred worse——go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but him.

PIS. 'Twill not be lost.

IMO. I hope so; go and search. [ment?—

CLOT. You have abused me — his meanest gar.

IMO. Ay, I said so, sir,

If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.

CLOT. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too;

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

[Exit.

CLOT. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest garment?—well.

[Exit.

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S C E N E V.

R O M E.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and PHILARIO.

POST. Fear it not, fir; I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

PHI. What means do you make to him?

POST. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

PHI. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius
Will do do's commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

POST. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

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F

S C E N E VI.

Enter IACHIMO.

PHI. See Iachimo.

POST. Sure the swift harts have posted you by land
And winds of all the corners kifs'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

PHI. Welcome, sir.

POST. I hope the briefness of your answer, made
The speediness of your return.

IACH. Your lady,
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

POST. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenure good, I trust.

IACH. 'Tis very like.

POST. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you was there?

IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

POST. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

IACH. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

POST. The stone's too hard to come by.

IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easie.

POST. Make not, sir,

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Your loss your sport ; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

IACH. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant ; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther ; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

POST. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed ; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her poor honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

IACH. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe ; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

POST. Proceed.

IACH. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silver and silk ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cindus swell'd above the banks or for
The press of boats, or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

POST. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

IACH. More particulars
Must justifie my knowledge.

POST. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

IACH. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

POST. This a thing
Which you might from relation likewise read;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

IACH. The roof o'th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted. Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

POST. * What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

IACH. Then if you can. [*Pulling out the bracelet.*]
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. fee!—
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

POST. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

* This is her honour.

IACH.
She strip'd
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And said

POST.
To send i

IACH.
POST.

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PHI.
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POST.
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IACH.
POST.

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Is this:
There, t

IACH. Sir, I thank her, that :

She strip'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too ; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

POST. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

IACH. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

POST. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't : let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Then they are to their virtues, which is nothing ;
O, above measure false !——

PHI. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again : 'tis not yet won ;
It may be probable she lost it ; or
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Might stoln it from her.

POST. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't ; back my ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this ; for this was stole.

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POST. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true—nay keep the ring—'tis true ; I'm sure
She could not lose it ; her attendants are
All honourable ; they induc'd to steal it !
And by a stranger !—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this : sh'hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you.

PHI. Sir, be patient;

This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of——

POST. Never talk on't ;

She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you seek

For further satisfying ; under her breast,
Worthy the pressing ; lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more ?

POST. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns : once, and a million !

IACH. I'll be sworn——

POST. No swearing :

If you will swear you have not don't, you lie.
And I will kill thee if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

IACH. I'll deny nothing.

POST. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal ;
I will go there and do't i'th court, before
Her father—I'll do something—— [Exit.

PHI. Quite besides

The government of patience ! you have won ;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

IACH. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

POST.
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* A J
German

S C E N E VII.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

- POST. ' Is there no way for men to be, but women
 ' Must be half-workers ? we are bastards all,
 ' And that most venerable man which I
 ' Did call my father, was I know not where,
 ' When I was stamp't. Some coyner with his tools
 ' Made me a counterfeit ; yet my mother seem'd
 ' The Dian of that time ; so doth my wife
 ' The none-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 ' Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 ' And pray'd me oft forbearance ; did it with
 ' A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
 ' Might well have warm'd old Saturn———that I
 ' thought her
 ' As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils !
 ' This yellow Iachimo in an hour—was't not?—
 ' Or less : at first ? perchance he spoke not, but
 ' Like a full-acorn'd boar, * a-churning on,
 ' Cry'd oh ! and mounted ; found no opposition
 ' But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 ' Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 ' The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
 ' That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 ' It is the woman's part ; be't lying, note it.
 ' The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 ' Lust, rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 ' Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 ' Nice-longings, slanders, mutability :
 ' All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,

-meal ;

[Exit.

th

Exeunt.

* *A German one*, in the first editions ; since alter'd to
 a *German one*.

- ' Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all—for ever
 ' to vice
 ' They are not constant, but are changing still;
 ' One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 ' Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 ' Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
 ' In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 ' The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter in state CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and
 Lords at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS
 and attendants.*

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would Augustus Caesar with us
 Luc. When Julius Caesar, (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in Britain,
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan thine uncle
 (Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

CLOT. There be many Caesars,
 Ere such another Julius: Britain is
 A world itself, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN
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 And Brita
 CLOT.
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 CYM. S
 CLOT.
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 the moon
 light; else
 CYM. Y
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 VOL. V

QUEEN. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, fir my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park ribbed and paled in
 With oaks unskaleable, and roaring waters,
 With sand that will not bear your enemies boats,
 But suck them to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: With shame,
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon our surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet fortune!) to master Caesar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britains strut with courage.

CLOT. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.
 Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
 as I have said, there is no more such Caesars; other
 of them may have crook'd noses, but to own such
 strait arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLOT. We have yet many among us can grip as
 hard as Cassibelan, I do not say I am one; but I have a
 hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? if
 Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put
 the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for
 light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You must know,
 'Till the injurious Romans did extort

This tribute from us, we were free. Caesar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The fides o'th' world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, (which we reckon
Ourselves to be) to do. Say then to Caesar,
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, who
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. That Mulmutius
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

LUC. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar,
(Caesar that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. War and confusion
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

CYM. Thou'rt welcome, Caius,
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behooves me to keep at variance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read, would shew the Britain's cold:
So Caesar shall not find them.

LUC. Let proof speak.

CLOT. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
sime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek

afterward
salt-water
if you fall
better for

LUC.

CYM.

All the re

PIS. H

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afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

LUC. So, sir.

CYM. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the remain, is welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter PISANIO reading a letter.

PIS. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not What monsters have accus'd her? Leonatus!

Oh master, what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear? what false Italian,

As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd

On thy too ready ear! Disloyal? no,

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue. Oh my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?

Upon the love and truth and vows, which I

Have made to thy command!——I her!—her blood!

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter*

[*Reading.*]

That I have sent her, by her own command

Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!

Art thou a foedarie for this act, that look'st

So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMO. How now, Pisanio?

PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMO. Who! thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars, as I his characters:
 He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,——(yet not
 That we two are afunder; let that grieve him!
 Some griefs are medicinal, that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love)——of his content
 All but in that. Good wax, thy leave——blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
 • Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables: good news, gods!

[Reading]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
 in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me; but you,
 oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with
 your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-
 Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you,
 fellow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains
 loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true Pisanio,
 Who long'st like me to see thy lord; who long'st,
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st,

But in a f
 For mine
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 To th' fm
 To this f
 Tell me h
 T'inherit
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 PIS. C
 Madam's
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 A riding
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 PIS. M
 IMO.
 Nor wha
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 Do as I b
 Accessibl

But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond—say, and speak thick;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
 To th' smoth'ring of the sense——how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford? and by th' way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 T'inherit such a haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 Till our return, t'excuse—but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born or-ere begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt fun and fun,
 Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I've heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home t'her father: and provide me present
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider,

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A Forest with a cave. in Wales.**Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

BELL. ' A goodly day ! not to keep house with such,
 ' Whose roof's as low as ours : see, boys ! this gate
 ' Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns ; and bows you
 ' To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
 ' Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
 ' And keep their impious turbants on, without
 ' Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n !
 ' We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 ' As prouder livers do.

GUID. Hail, heav'n !

ARV. Hail, heav'n !

BEL. ' Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
 ' Your legs are young : I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 ' When you above perceive me like a crow,
 ' That it is *place* which lessens and sets off ;
 ' And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
 ' Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war,
 ' That service is not service, so being done,
 ' But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 ' Draws us a profit from all things we see :
 ' And often to our comfort, shall we find
 ' The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 ' Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh this life,
 ' Is nobler than attending for a check ;
 ' Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble ;
 ' Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 ' Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
 ' Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours.

GUID. ' Out of your proof you speak ; we poor
 ' unfledg'd

Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest ; nor know
 What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
 If quiet life is best, sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known : well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is
 A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a-bed,
 A prison, * for a debtor that not dares
 To stride a limit.

ARV. ' What should we speak of
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December ? how
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing,
 We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

BEL. ' How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o'th court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I'th' name of fame and honour ; which dies i'th'
 ' search,

And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse,
 Must curt'sie at the censure. Oh boys, this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords ; and my report was once

* or,

First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theame, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

GUID. Uncertain favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
 But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour) swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confed'rate with the Romans: so
 Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
 More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
 The fore-end of my time—but, up to th' mountains!
 This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'th' feast;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state:
 I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt boys.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature?
 These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly
 Here in the cave, wherein their thoughts do hit
 The roof of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polidor,
 (The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,) Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

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The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story ; say, thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck——even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words—The younger brother Cadwall,
 (Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd——
 Oh Cymbeline ! heav'n and my conscience know
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse, they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave ;
 Myself Bellarius that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for nat'ral father. The game's up. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

IMO. Thou told'st me when we came from horse,
 the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now——Pisanio,
 Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind [*sigh*
 That makes thee stare thus ? wherefore breaks that
 From th'inward of thee ? one but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish thy steadier senses—what's the matter ?
 Why offer'st thou that paper to me, with

A look untender? if't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in
my bed; the testimonies whereof iye bleeding in me. I
speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong
as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge.
That part thou Pisanio must act for me, if thy faith be
not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands
take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at
Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose;
where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it
is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equal-
ly to me disloyal.*

Pis. 'What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
' Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
' Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
' Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
' Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
' All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
' Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
' This viperous slander enters. What chear, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
' To lye in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge
' nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? that false to's bed !

Pis. Alas, good lady !

IMO. I false ? thy conscience witness, Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontineny,
Thou then look'dst like a villain : now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him :
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript : to pieces with me : oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany : not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Madam, hear me——

[Aeneas,

IMO. ' True honest men being heard, like false
Were in his time thought false : and Synon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding : when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience. Look !
I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart ;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief ;
Thy master is not there ; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike ;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

PIS. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

IMO. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That † cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart...
(Something's afore't—soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her breast.]

Obedient as the scabbard!—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresie? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.]
Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus,
That set my disobedience 'gainst the king,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows; shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me—Pr'ythee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

PIS. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

IMO. Do't, and to bed then.

PIS. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

† makes me a coward.

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IMO. Ah wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action? and thine own? our horses labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose to return. Why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elected deer before thee?

PIS. But to win time
 To loss so bad employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a course; good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

IMO. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
 I've heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear
 (Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

PIS. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

IMO. Most like
 Bringing me here to kill me.

PIS. Not so neither;
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well; it cannot be
 But that my master is abus'd, some villain
 And singular in his art, hath done you both
 This curst injury.

IMO. Some Roman curtezan?

PIS. No, on my life.
 I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded
 I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

IMO. Why, good fellow;

What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

PIS. If you'll back to th' court——

IMO. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, Cloten :
Whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

PIS. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

IMO. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day ? night ?
Are they not but in Britain ? i'th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of Britain.

PIS. I'm most glad
You think of other place : th'ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course
Pretty : and full of view ; yea haply near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his action were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

IMO. Oh ! for such means,
(Though peril to my modesty, not death on't)
I would adventure.

PIS. Well then, here's the point :

' You must forget to be a woman, change
' Command into obedience ; fear and niceness.

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(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
 Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage,
 Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
 As quarrellous as the weazel : nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
 Alack, no remedy) to th' greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

IMO. Nay, be brief :

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

PRS. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, before Lucius
 Present yourself, desire his service ; tell him
 Wherein you're happy. (which will make him so,
 If that his head have ear in music) doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad ;
 You have me rich, and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supply.

IMO. Thou'rt all the comfort
 The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away.
 There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt
 I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

PRS. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell.
 Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box, I had it from the queen,
 'What's in't is precious : if you're sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper—to some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood ; may the gods
 Direct you to the best !

IMO. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
 and Lords.*

CYM. Thus far, and so farewell.

LUC. Thanks, royal sir.

My Emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence,
 And am right sorry, that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

CYM. Our subjects, sir,
 Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
 To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
 Appear un-kinglike.

LUC. So, sir : I desire of you
 A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.
 Madam, all joy befall your grace ; and you.

CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
 The due of honour in no point omit :
 So farewell, noble Lucius.

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLOT. Receive it friendly ; but from this time forth
 I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Th'event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well,

CYM. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have crost the Severn. Happiness!

[Exit Lucius, &c.]

QUEEN. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have giv'n him cause.

CLOT, 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

QUEEN. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

CYM. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us foreward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? she hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance.

QUEEN. Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes; that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

CYM. Where is she? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

MES. Please you sir,

Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

CYM. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

QUEEN. Son, I say; follow the king.

CLOT. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

QUEEN. Go, look after——

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

CLOT. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

CLOT. I love and hate her ; for she's fair and royal,
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman ; from each one
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded
 Out-sells them all. I love her therefore ; but
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is choak'd, and in that point.
 I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
 To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools——

S C E N E VI.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here ? what are you packing, firrah ?
 Come hither ; ah you precious pandar, villain,
 Where is thy lady ? in a word, or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

PIS. Oh, my good lord !

CLOT. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
 From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

PIS. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him ? when was she mis'd ?
 He is in Rome.

CLOT. Where is she, fir ? come nearer ;
 No farther halting ; satisfy me home,
 What is become of her.

PIS. Oh, my all-worthy lord !

CLOT. All-worthy villain !

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,

At the next word ; no more of worthy lord.
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

PIS. Then, sir,
 This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight.

CLOT. Let's see't ; I will pursue her
 Even to Augustus' throne.

PIS. Or this, or perish. [aside.]
 She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

CLOT. Humh.

PIS. I'll write to my lord she's dead. Oh, Imogen,
 Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again.

CLOT. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

PIS. Sir, as I think.

CLOT. It is Polthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah,
 if thou wouldst not be a villain, but to do me true service ;
 undergo those employments wherein I should have cause
 to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany
 so'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly ; I
 would think thee an honest man, thou shouldst neither
 want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

PIS. Well, my good lord.

CLOT. Wilt thou serve me ? for since patiently and
 constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
 beggar Polthumus, thou canst not in the course of
 gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
 thou serve me ?

PIS. Sir, I will.

CLOT. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
 any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

PIS. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit

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PIS.

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he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

CLOR. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.

PIS. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

CLOR. Meet thee at Milford-haven? I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes—there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined, (which as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter PISANIO, with a suit of cloaths.

Be those the garments?

PIS. Ay, my noble lord. ven?

CLOR. How long is't since she went to Milford-ha-

PIS. She can scarce be there yet.

CLOR. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [Exit.]

PIS. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be,

To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly blessings on her! this fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter IMOGEN in boys cloaths.

IMO. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. Oh Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or tryal? yes no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou'rt one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the cave.*

Here is a path to't——'tis some savage hold;
'Twere best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend——ho! no answer? then I'll enter.

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BEL.

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Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You Polidore have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook, and servant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely favo'ry; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

GUID. I'm thoroughly weary.

ARV. I'm weak in toil, yet strong in appetite.

GUID. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze
on that

Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd.

BEL. Stay, come not in——

[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
It were a Fairy.

GUID. What's the matter, sir?

BEL. By Jupiter an Angel! or if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN.

IMO. Good master, harm me not;

Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought [*troth*
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal: and parted thence
With prayers for the provider,

GUID. Money, youth ?

ARV. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

IMO. I see you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd; had I not made it.

BEL. Whither bound ?

IMO. To Milford-Haven.

BEL. What's your name ?

IMO. Fidele, fir ; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy : h'embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm faln in this offence.

BEL. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd !
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

GUID. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty ;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

ARV. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

IMO. 'Mongst friends ? [*aside*]
If brothers, would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

BEL. He wrings at some distress.

GUID. Would I could free't !

ARV. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ; gods !

BEL. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*

IMO. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them ; laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus is false.

BEL. It shall be so :
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth come in ;
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we've sup'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

GUID. I pray draw near.

ARV. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,
less welcome !

[*Exeunt.* *

* ——— less welcome !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 SEN. This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia, are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall'n off Britains ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar !

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S C E N E VIII.

*Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

CYM. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
 A fever with the absence of her son;
 Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
 How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
 So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours,
 I set it at your will: but for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains; why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

LORD. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here;

TRI. Is Lucius gen'ral of the forces?

2 SEN. Ay.

TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 SEN. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers and the time
 Of their dispatch.

TRI. We will discharge our duty.

[Exeunt]

I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

CYM. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Do's yet depend.

LORD. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of Roman Gentlemen, by the senate sent.

CYM. Now for the counsel of my son and queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
ready;

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away. [Exeunt.

PIS. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten, but remain
Perplext in all. The heav'ns still must work;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest: not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o'th' king, or I'll fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The FOREST.**Enter CLOTEN alone.*

I AM near to th' place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) because 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman, I dare speak it to myself, for it is vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: out sword, and to a fore purpose! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.

*[Exit.]**Enter I*

BEL

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S C E N E II.

*Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and
IMOGEN, from the cave.*

BEL. You are not well : remain here in the cave,
We'll come t'you after hunting.

ARV. Brother, stay here :

Are we not brothers ?

IMO. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

GUID. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

IMO. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : so please you leave me,
Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

GUID. I love thee : I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

BEL. What ? how ? how ?

ARV. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at the door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
" My father, not this youth.

BEL. Oh noble strain !

[Exit.]

O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness! *

I'm not their father, yet who this should be

Doth miracle itself; lov'd before me!

'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.

ARV. Brother, farewell.

IMO. I wish ye sport.

ARV. You health——so please you, sir.

IMO. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court: †

I am sick still, heart-sick——Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the viol.*]

GUID. I could not stir him;

He said that he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

ARV. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

BEL. To th' field, to th' field:

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

ARV. We'll not be long away.

BEL. Pray be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

IMO. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

BEL. And shall be ever.

*——breed of greatness!

“Cowards father cowards, and base things sire the base:

“Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

I'm not, &c.

†——but at court:

Experience, oh how thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers, as sweet fish;

I am sick still, &c.

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BEL

† spurs

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

ARV. How angel-like he sings?

GUID. But his neat cookery?

ARV. He cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

ARV. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh. *

GUID. I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their † spurs together. ‡

BEL. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

S C E N E III.

Enter CLOTEN.

CLOT. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

BEL. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

* ———a sigh:

As if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

GUID. I do note, &c.

‡ ———together.

ARV. Grow patience,
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine.

BEL. It is, &c.

† spurs, *an old word for the fibres of a tree.*

Cloten, the son o'th' queen; I fear some ambush—
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.

GUID. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you away, [gus.
Let me alone with him. [*Exe. Bellarius and Arvir-*

CLOT. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? some villain-mountainers—
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

GUID. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

CLOT. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

GUID. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have
. not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

CLOT. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my cloaths?

GUID. No nor thy tailor,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

CLOT. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

GUID. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool,
I'm loth to beat thee.

CLOT. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

GUID. What's thy name?

CLOT. Cloten, thou villain.

GUID. Cloten, then double villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it ; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

CLOT. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' queen.

GUID. I'm sorry for't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

CLOT. Art not afraid ? [wife :

GUID. ' Those that I rev'ence, those I fear ; the
' At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLOT. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads ;
Yield rustick mountaineer. [Fight and Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter BELLARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. No company's abroad.

ARV. None in the world ; you did mistake him sure.

BEL. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wrote ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I'm absolute
Twas very Cloten.

ARV. In this place we left them ;
With my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up,
Mean to man ; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment
Of the cause of fear. But see thy brother.

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Enter GUIDERIUS.

GUID. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't ; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

BEL. What hast thou done ?

GUID. I'm perfect what ; cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

BEL. We're all undone !

GUID. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives ? the law
Protects not us ; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad ?

BEL. No single soul

Can we set eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worse ; yet not his frenzy,
Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone ; although perhaps
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head : the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in ; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,

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ARV.

Come, a

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BEL.

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BEL.

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ARV.

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Nor they so suffering ; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

ARV. Let ordinance
Come, as the gods foresay it, howsoe'er
My brother hath done well.

BEL. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

GUID. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son Cloten.
That's all I *reck. [Exit.

BEL. I fear 'twill be reveng'd : [lour
Would, Polidore, thou hadst not don't ! though va-
Becomes thee well enough.

ARV. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me ! Polidore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed ; I would revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

BEL. Well, 'tis done :
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
'Till hasty Polidore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

ARV. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,

* care.

And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.

BEL. O thou goddess,

Thou divine nature ! how thyself thou blazon'st

' In these two princely boys ? they are as gentle

' As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,

' Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,

' (Their royal blood enchain'd,) as the rude wind,

' That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

' And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful

' That an invisible instinct should frame them

' To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,

' Civility not seen from other ; valour,

' That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop

' As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange

What Cloten's being here to us portends,

Or what his death will bring us ?

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

GUID. Where's my brother ?

I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,

In embassie to his mother ; his body's hostage

For his return.

[Solemn music.

BEL. My ingenious instrument !

Hark Polidore, it sounds : but what occasion

Hath Cadwall now to give it motion ? hark.

GUID. Is he at home ?

BEL. He went hence ev'n now.

GUID. What does he mean ? Since death of my
dear mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ? *

* ——— The matter ?

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,

Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

Is Cadwall mad ?

SCENE V. &c

Enter A

BEL.

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ARV.

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GUID.

SCENE V.

Enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN dead, bearing her in his arms.

BEL. Look, here he comes !
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

ARV. ' The bird is dead
' That we have made so much on ! I had rather
' Have skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty ;
' And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
' Than have seen this.

GUID. ' Oh sweetest, fairest lilly !
' My brother wears thee not one half so well,
' As when thou grew'st thyself.

BEL. ' Oh melancholy !
' Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
' The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
' Might eas'liest harbour in ?——thou blessed thing !
' Jove knows what man thou might'st have made ?
 ' but ah !

' Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !
' How found you him ?

ARV. ' Stark, as you see :
' Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
' Not as death's dart being laugh'd at : his right cheek
' Reposing on a cushion.

GUID. ' Where ?

ARV. ' O'th' floor :
' His arms thus leagu'd ; I thought he slept, and put
' My clouted brogs from off my feet, whose rudeness
' Answer'd my steps too loud.

GUID. ' Why, he but sleeps ;

If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

ARV. With fairest flow'rs,
(Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,)
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale Primrose, nor
The azure Hare-bell, like thy veins; no nor
The leaf of Eglantine, which not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy breath. The raddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their father's lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides. When flow'rs are none
To winter-ground thy coarse——

GUID. Pr'ythee have done,
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

ARV. Say, where shall's lay him?

GUID. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARV. Be't so:

And let us, Polidore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground
As once our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

GUID. Cadwall,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

ARV. We'll speak it then.

BEL. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For Clo-
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,

[ten

And though he came our enemy, remember
 Was paid for that : the mean and mighty rotting
 Together have one dust ; yet reverence,
 (The angel of the world,) doth make distinction
 Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
 And though you took his life, as being our foe,
 Yet bury him, as a prince.

GUID. Pray fetch him hither.
 Therfites body is as good as Ajax,
 When neither are alive.

ARV. If you'll go fetch him,
 We'll say our song the whilst : brother begin. [east ;

GUID. Nay, Cadwall, we must lay his head to th'
 My father hath a reason for't.

ARV. 'Tis true.

GUID. Come on then, and remove him.

ARV. So, begin.

S O N G.

GUID. ' *Fear no more the heat o'th' sun,
 ' Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 ' Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 ' Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.*

*Golden lads and girls all must
 As chimney sweepers, come to dust.*

ARV. ' *Fear no more the frown o'th' great,
 ' Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 ' Care no more to cloath and eat ;
 ' To thee the reed is as the oak :*

*The scepter, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

GUID. ' *Fear no more the lightning-flash.*

' ARV. *Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.*

GUID. ' *Fear no slander, censure rash.*

ARV. ' *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.*

BOTH. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

GUID. *No exorciser harm thee!*

ARV. *And no witchcraft charm thee!*

GUID. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

ARV. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

BOTH. *Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!*

Enter BELLARIUS with the body of CLOTEN.

GUID. We've done our obsequies: come lay him down.

BEL. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees——
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

IMOGEN awakes.

- ' Yes, fir, to Milford-haven, which is the way?—
' I thank you——by yond bush——pray how far
thither?——
' Ods pittikins——can it be six mile yet?——
' I've gone all night——'faith I'll lye down and sleep.
' But soft! no bedfellow!—oh gods, and goddesfes!
[*Seeing the body.*]
' The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
' This bloody man the care on't.—Sure I dream;
' For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
' And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so:

' 'Twas I
' Which
' Are from
' I tremble
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This is Pis
Give colour
That we th
Which cha
VOL. V

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, oh gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—the garments of Posthumus?
 I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
 His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
 The arms of Hercules: but his jovial face——
 Murder in heav'n —— how! —— 'tis gone! ——
 Pifanio! ——

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou conspiring with that devil Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treach'rous. Damn'd Pifanio
 Hath with his forged letters——damn'd Pifanio——
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main top! oh Posthumus, alas, that?
 Where is thy head? where's that? ay me, where's
 Pifanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left his head on. How should this be, Pifanio?---
 'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is Pifanio's deed, and Cloten's. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter LUCIUS, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

CAP. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-haven, with your ships :
They are in readiness.

LUC. But what from Rome ?

CAP. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service : and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

LUC. When expect you them ?

CAP. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

LUC. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

SOOTH. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From th' spungy south, to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams ; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' Roman host.

LUC. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft ho, what trunk is here
Without his top ? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How ! a page !——
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? but dead rather :
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see

CAP.

LUC.

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IMO. I'l

Let's see the boy's face.

CAP. He's alive, my lord.

[one,

LUC. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young
Inform us of the fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

IMO. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Britain, and a good,
That here by mountaneers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

LUC. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master bleeding: say his name, good friend.

IMO. *Richard du Camp*. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*aside*.
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

LUC. Thy name?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

LUC. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less beloy'd. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a Consul to me should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

IMO. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
 As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when [grave,
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
 And on it said a century of pray'rs,
 (Such as I can,) twice oer I'll weep, and sigh,
 And leaving so his service follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

LUC. Ay, good youth,
 And rather father thee, than master thee.
 My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
 Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave ; come, arm him : boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

GUID. The noise is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

ARV. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure ?

GUID. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us ? this way the Romans
 Must or for Britains slay us, or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural revolters
 During their use, and slay us after.

BEL. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
 To the King's party there's no going ; newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known nor muster'd

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 ARV.
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Among the bands) may drive us to confession
Where we have liv'd : and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

GUID. This is, fir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

ARV. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

BEL. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army ; many years, [him
Though Cloten then but young, (you see,) not wore
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding ;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

GUID. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, fir, to th' army ;
I and my brother are not known ; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

ARV. By this sun that shines
I'll thither ; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,

Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

GUID. By heav'ns I'll go;
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.

ARV. So say I, *Amen*.

BEL. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks
scorn
'Till it flie out, and shew them princes born. [*Exe.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody handkerchief.

YEA bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? oh Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved

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Enter LU
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NATUS
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him.

IACH.
Takes off r

The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ill with ill, each worse than other,
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
 But Imogen's your own: do your best wills,
 And make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
 Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As do's a Britain peasant; so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
 Is ev'ry breath, a death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habit's shew;
 Gods, put the strength o'th' Leonati in me;
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army at
 one door; and the British army at another: LEO-
 NATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor soldier.
 They march over, and go out. Then enter again in
 skirmish IACHIMO, and POSTHUMUS; he van-
 quisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves
 him.*

IACH. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,

The princeſſes of this country; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeeble me: or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
 In my profeſſion? knighthoods, honours born,
 As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn;
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

*The battel continues; the Britains fly, CYMBELINE is
 taken; then enter to his reſcue, BELLARIUS, GUI-
 DERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

BEL. Stand, ſtand; we have th' advantage of the
 ground;
 That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villany of our fears.

GUID. ARV. Stand, ſtand and fight.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and ſeconds the Britains. They
 reſcue CYMBELINE, and exeunt.*

Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf;
 For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
 As war were hood-wink'd.

IACH. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

LUC. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and a Britiſh Lord.

LORD. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
 POST. I did.
 Though you it ſeems came from the fliers.

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LORD. I did.

POST. No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought : the king himself
' Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
' And but the backs of Britains, seen ; all flying
' Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
' Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
' More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
' Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
' Meerly through fear, that the straight pass was
' damm'd

' With dead men, hurt behind ; and cowards living
' To die with lengthen'd shame.

LORD. Where was this lane ? [turf,

POST. Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to)
In doing this for's country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country Base, than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,
" Our Britaines Harts die flying, not our men ;
" To darknes fleet souls that fly backwards ! stand,
" Or we are Romans, and we will give you that
" Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
" But to look back in front : stand, stand—Thes:
three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many ;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing ;) with this word stand, stand,
Accomoded by the place, (more charming

With their own noblenefs, which could have turn'd
 A diftaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks; [ard
 Part fhame; part fpirit renew'd, that fome turn'd cow-
 But by example (oh a fin in war,
 Damn'd in the firft beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
 A flop i'th' chafer, a retire; anon
 A rout, confufion thick. Forthwith they flie
 Chickens, the way which they ftoop'd eagles : flaves,
 The ftrides the victors made; and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
 Some flain before, fome dying; fome their friends
 O'er-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the flaughter-man of twenty;
 Thofe that would die or-ere refift, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'th' field.

LORD. This was ftrange chance,
 A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

POST. Nay, do but wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any.*

LORD. Farewell, you are angry.

[Exit

POST. This is a lord; oh noble mifery

*—— Than to work any.

Will you rhyme upon't,

And vent it for a mockery? here is one:

" *Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,*

" *Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.*

LORD. Nay, be not angry, fir.

POST. Lack, to what end?

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 LORD

To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me?
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To've sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
 And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives in war. Well I will find him.
 For being now a favourer to the Britain,
 No more a Britain, I've resum'd again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be,
 Britains must take. For me, my ransom's death,
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 CAP. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 CAP. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave th' affront with them.

1 CAP. So 'tis reported;
 But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

POST. A Roman,
 Who had not now been drooping here; if seconds

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhymes.

LORD. Farewel, &c.

Had answer'd him.

2 CAP. Lay hands on him; a dog,
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [vice
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his ser-
As if he were of note; bring him to th' king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives.
The captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBE-
LINE, who delivers him over to a goaler.*

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Goalers.

1 GOAL. You shall not now be stoln, you've locks
upon you;

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 GOAL. Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*

POST. Most welcome bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfie
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

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I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake,
 You rather, mine being yours: and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence.—— [He sleeps.

* * * *

*** Here follows a Vision, a Masque, and a Prophecy, which
 interrupt the Fable without the least necessity, and unmeasur-
 ably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards
 for meer show, and apparently not of Shakespear

† † †

Solemn music: Enter as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEO-
 NATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like
 a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife,
 and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then
 after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers
 to POSTHUMUS, with wounds as they died in the wars.
 They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lyes sleeping.

SICI. No more thou thunder-master
 Shew thy spite, on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, that thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending nature's law.

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELLARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and lords.*

CYM. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have
made

Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,

Whose father, Jove! (as men report,

Thou orphans father art!)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him

From his earth-vexing smart.

MOTH. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes,

That from me my Posthumus ript;

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

SICI. Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair;

That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,

As great Sicilius' heir.

1 BRO. When once he was matnre for man,

In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel,

Or rival object be,

In the eye of Imogen, that best

Could deem his dignity?

MOTH. With marriage therefore was he mockt

To be exil'd, and thrown

From Leonatus' feat, and cast

From her his dearest one:

Sweet Imogen!

SICI. Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,

That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

To taint his noble heart and brain

With needless jealousy,

And to become the geek and scorn

O'th' other's villany?

2 BRO. For this, from stiller seats we came,

Our parents, and us twain,

That striking in our country's cause,

Fell bravely and were slain,

Our fealty and Tenantius' right,

With honour to maintain.

1 BRO. Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd;

Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due,

Being all to dolours turn'd?

SICI. Thy crystal window ope; look out;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries.

MOTH. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

SICI. Peep through thy marble mansion, help,

Or we poor ghosts will cry

To th' shining synod of the rest,

Against thy deity.

2 BRETH. Help Jupiter, or we appeal,

And from thy justice flee.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

JUPIT. No more you petty spirits of region low
Offend our hearing; hush! how dare you ghosts

Stept before shields of proof,) cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts.
Poor shadows of Elizium, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are spent ;
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple he was married : rise, and fade !
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

[Jup. drops a tablet.

Our pleasure, his full fortune, doth confine,
And so away, no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine ;
Mount eagle, to my palace crystalline.
SIC I. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields ; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beck,
As when his god is pleas'd.

[Ascends.

ALL. Thanks, Jupiter.

SIC I. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof : away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[Vanish.

POST. Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and begot
A father to me : and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh scorn !

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BEL

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Our grace can make him so.

BEL. I never saw

Gone——they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake——Poor wretches that depend
On greatness favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

*When as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without
seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when
from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: do either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

GOAL. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

POST. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

GOAL. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that,
you are well cookt.

POST. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators, the
dish pays the shot.

GOAL. A heavy reckoning for you, sir, but the comfort is,

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O

Such noble fury in so poor a thing :
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth ; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain, both empty ; the brain the heavier, for being too light ; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit : oh the charity of a penny cord, it fums up thousands in a trice ; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge ; your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

POST. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

GOAL. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache : but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer : for look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

POST. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

GOAL. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know ; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril ; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

POST. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

GOAL. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to seek the way of blindness : I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

MES. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king.

But beg

CYM

Pis. I

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But begg'ry and poor looks.

CYM. No tidings of him?

[ving,

PIS. He hath been search'd among the dead and li-
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.

[To Bell. Guid. and Arvirag.

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

BEL. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

CYM. Bow your knees.

Arise my knights o'th' battel, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces : why so sadly

POST. Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made
free.

GOAL. I'll be hang'd then.

POST. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler : no bolts
for the dead.

[*Exeunt.*

GOAL. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget
young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my consci-
ence, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Ro-
man : and there be some of them too that die against their
wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one
mind, and one mind good ; O there were desolation of goalers
and gallowses ; I speak against my present profit, but my wish
hath a preferment in't.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Ec.*

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'th' court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!

To four your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

CYM. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

COR. With horror, madly dying, like herself,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

CYM. Pr'ythee say.

COR. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

CYM. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. [love

COR. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

CYM. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

COR. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd

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By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time
 When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
 Her son into th' adoption of the crown :
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless, desperate ; open'd in despight
 Of heaven and men, her purposes : repented
 The ills she hatch'd were not effected : so
 Despairing, dy'd.

CYM. Heard you all this, her women ?

LADY. We did, so please your highness.

CYM. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful :
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
 To have mistrusted her. Yet oh my daughter !
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all !

SCENE V.

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman prisoners, LEONATUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
 The Britains have rac'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their caprives, which ourself have granted.
 So think of your estate.

LUC. Consider, sir, the chance of war ; the day
 Was yours by accident : had it gone with us, [ned
 We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat-
 Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ranfome, let it come. Sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can fuffer. ——
 Auguftus lives to think on't——And fo much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will intreat; my boy, a Britain born,
 Let him be ranfom'd; never mafter had
 A page fo kind, fo duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occafions, true,
 So feat, fo nurfe-like; let his virtue join
 With my request, which I'll make bold your highnefs
 Cannot deny: he hath done no Britain harm,
 Though he hath ferv'd a Roman. Save him, fir,
 And fpare no blood befide.

CYM. I've furely feen him;
 His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
 Thou haft look'd thyfelf into my grace,
 And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore
 To fay, live boy: ne'er thank thy mafter, live;
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty, and thy ftate, I'll give it:
 Yea, though thou do demand a prifoner,
 The nobleft ta'en.

IMO. I humbly thank your highnefs.

LUC. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
 And yet I know thou wilt.

IMO. No, no, alack,
 There's other work in hand; I fee a thing
 Bitter to me as death; your life, good mafter,
 Muft shuffle for itfelf.

LUC. The boy difdains me,
 He leaves me, fcorns me: briefly die their joys,
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
 Why ftands he fo perplex't?

CYM. What wouldft thou, boy?

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I love thee more and more : think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
 speak,

Wilt have him live ? is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

IMO. He is a Roman, no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

CYM. Wherefore eye'st him so ?

IMO. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

CYM. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

IMO. Fidele, sir.

CYM. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master : walk with me, speak freely.

BEL. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

ARV. One and another
Not more resembles that sweet rosie lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele. What think you ?

GUID. The same dead thing alive.

BEL. Peace, peace, see more ; he eyes us not,
 forbear,

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke t'us.

GUID. But we saw him dead.

BEL. Be silent : let's see further.

PIS. 'Tis my mistress——

[*aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

CYM. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iach.*
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatness and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falshood. On, speak to him.

IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POST. What's that to him?

CYM. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

IACH. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

CYM. How? me?

IACH. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: and, (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my
lord?

CYM. All that belongs to this.

IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember——give me leave, I faint——

[Swoons.]

CYM. My daughter, what of her? renew thy strength,
I'd rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

IACH. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good Posthumus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones——sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

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VOL. VI

For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva;
 Postures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities, that man
 Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye——

CYM. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

IACH. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumus,
 (Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue made,
 And then a mind put in't; either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

CYM. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

IACH. Your daughter's chastity; there it begins:
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Seen all the worth of's car.) Away to Britain
 Hast I in this design: well may you, sir,

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P

Remember me at court, where I was taught
 By your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing; mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely: for my vantage excellent,
 And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
 (Oh cunning how I got it) nay some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks I see him now——

PosT. Ay, so thou do'st, *[Coming forward.]*
 Italian fiend! ay me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come——oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou king, send out
 For torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie,
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself
 A sacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself——
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'th' street to bait me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh Imogen!

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My queen, my life, my wife ! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

IMO. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

POST. Shall's have a play of this ?

Thou scornful page, there lie thy part.

[Striking her, she falls.]

PIS. Oh gentlemen, help,
Mine and your mistress——Oh, my lord Posthumus !
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd lady——

CYM. Does the world go round ?

POST. How come these staggers on me ?

PIS. Wake, my mistress.

CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

PIS. How fares my mistress ?

IMO. O get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison : dang'rous fellow hence,
Breathe not where princes are.

CYM. The tune of Imogen !

PIS. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the queen.

CYM. New matter still ?

IMO. It poison'd me.

COR. Oh gods !

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If Pisanio
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

CYM. What's this, Cornelius ?

COR. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending

The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
 Of no esteem; I dreading that her purpose
 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 A certain stuff, which being ta'en would seize
 The present power of life, but in short time
 All offices of nature should again
 Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

IMO. Most like I did, for I was dead.

BEL. My boys, there was our error.

GUID. This is sure Fidele. [you?

IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
 Think that you are upon a rock, and now
 Throw me again.

POST. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 'Till the tree die!

CYM. How now, my flesh? my child?
 What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
 Wilt thou not speak to me?

IMO. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

BEL. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
 You had a motive for't. [To Guid. Arvir.

CYM. My tears that fall
 Prove holy-water on thee; Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

IMO. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

CYM. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
 That we meet here so strangely; but her son
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

PIS. My lord,
 Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
 If I discover'd not which way she went

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It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to Milford:
Where in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.

GUID. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

CYM. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee valiant youth
Deny't again.

GUID. I've spoke it, and did it.

CYM. He was a prince.

GUID. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYM. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

IMO. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

BEL. Stay, fir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

CYM. Why old soldier
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

ARV. In that he spake too far.

CYM. And thou shalt die for't.

BEL. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

ARV. Your danger's ours.

GUID. And our good his.

BEL. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Bellarius.

CYM. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

BEL. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

BEL. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

CYM. Nursing of my sons?

BEL. I am too blunt, and sawcy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine,

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYM. How? my issue?

BEL. So sure as you, your father's: I, old Morgan,
Am that Bellarius whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: That I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,
(For such and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurse Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with stars.

CYM. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

BEL. Be pleas'd a while——
This gentleman, whom I call Polidore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwall, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapt

In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

CYM. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
It was a mark of wonder.

BEL. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

CYM. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now: oh Imogen,
Thou'ast lost by this a kingdom.

IMO. No, my lord:
I've got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister: I, you brother,
When you were so indeed.

CYM. Did you e'er meet?

ARV. Ay, my good lord.

GUID. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

COR. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

CYM. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whether these?

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And your three motives to the battel? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other By-dependances
From chance to chance? but not the time nor place
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [To Bel.

IMO. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season!

CYM. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

IMO. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

LUC. Happy be you!

CYM. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

POST. 'Tis I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

IACH. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
And here your bracelet of the truest princess

That ever swore her faith.

POST. Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you, is to spare you :
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

CYM. Nobly doom'd :

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You help'd us, fir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

POST. Your servant, princes. *

CYM. My peace we will begin : and Caius Lucius,

*———POST. Your servant, princes.

Good my lord of Rome
Call forth your Soothfayer : as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

LUC. Philarmonus.

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

LUC. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without
seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and when
from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
On whom heav'ns justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

SOOTHSAYER. The fingers of the powers above
do tune

The harmony of this peace : the vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battel, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Roman eagle
From south to west on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'th' sun
So vanish'd ; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much :
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier* : which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife, who even now
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unfought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

CYM. This hath some seeming.

SOOTH. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee ; and thy lopt branches, point
Thy two sons forth : who by Bellarius stoll'n,
For many years thought dead, and now reviv'd
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

CYM. My peace we will begin : &c.

His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

CYM. Laud we the gods :

And let the crooked smoakes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march.
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there : Never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE END.

R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

THE AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

ACCORDING TO

MR. POPE'S SECOND EDITION.

G L A S G O W :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS
M.DCC.LXV.

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P R O L O G U E.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our scene)
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous overthrows,
Do, with their death, bury their parents strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could re-
move,
Is now the two hours traffic of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Dramatis Personae.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, } two Lords of antient families, ene-
CAPULET, } mies to each other.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, kinsman and friend to Romeo.

TIBALT, kinsman to Capulet.

Friar LAWRENCE.

Friar JOHN.

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

Page to Paris.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, servant to Montague.

Apothecary.

Lady MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

Lady CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women, relations to Capulet, maskers, guards, and other attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play, in and near Verona.

The Plot taken from an Italian Novel of Bandello.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, with swords and bucklers, two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word we'll not carry coals.

GREG. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

GREG. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Mountague moves me.

GREG. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Mountague's.

GREG. That shews thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM. True, and therefore women, being the weakest vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Mountague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GREG. The quarrel is between our master, and us their men.

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be * cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

GREG. The heads of the maids?

* civil.

6 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 1.

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

GREG. They must take it in sense that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GREG. 'Tis well thou art not fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GREG. How: turn thy back and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GREG. No, marry: I fear thee.

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

GREG. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

SAM. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

GREG. No.

SAM. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

GREG. Do you quarrel, Sir?

ABR. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

SAM. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better?

SAM. Well, Sir.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. I. I. 7

* *Enter* BENVOLIO.

GREG. Say better : here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

SAM. Yes, better, Sir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

BEN. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BEN. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me. [*word*]

TYB. What draw, and talk of peace ? I hate the As I hate hell, all Mountagues and thee :

Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*]

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

OFFIC. Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down.

Down with the Capulets, down with the Mountagues.

Enter old CAPULET *in his gown, and* Lady CAPULET.

CAP. What noise is this ? give me my long sword, ho ?

La. CAP. A crutch, a crutch : why call you for a sword ?

CAP. A sword, I say : old Mountague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old MOUNTAGUE *and* Lady MOUNTAGUE.

MOUN. Thou villain, Capulet —— Hold me not, let me go.

* *Much of this scene is added since the first edition ; but probably by Shakespeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599.*

8 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 2.

La. MOUN. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.
Enter Prince with attendants.

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel——
Will they not hear? what ho, you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from these bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Mountague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave befeeming ornaments;*
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away,
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Mountague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and CAPULET, &c.]

S C E N E II.

La. MOUN. Who set this ancient quarrel new a-
broach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,

* ——befeeming ornaments,

To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you &c.

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VOL. V

And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the instant came
The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came.

La. MOUN. O where is Romeo!
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peep'd through the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drew me from company;
Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Tow'rds him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.
I measuring his affections by my own,
* That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his;
† And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

MOUN. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw

* Edition 1597. *Instead of which it is in the other editions*
thus. ——— by my own,

Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, &c.

† The ten lines following not in Ed. 1597, but in the next
1599.

8 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 2.

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VOL.

ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 2.

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1599.

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed ;
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself ;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

MOUN. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

* BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

MOUN. Both by myself and many other friends ;
 But he, his own affection's counsellor,
 Is to himself (I will not say how true)
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery ;
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. See where he comes : so please you step aside,
 I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

MOUN. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
 To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Exit*]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young ?

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ah me, sad hours seem long !
 Was that my father that went hence so fast ? [*hours?*]

BEN. It was : what sadness lengthens Romeo's

* *These two speeches also omitted in Ed. 1597. but inserted in 1599.*

ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 2. 11

ROM. Not having that, which having, makes them
short.

BEN. In love ?

ROM. Out———

BEN. Of love ?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love so gentle in his view,
should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
should without eyes see path-ways to his will !

Where shall we dine ? — oh me ! — What fray was
here ?——

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :

Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

Oh any thing of nothing first create !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is :

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh ?

BEN. No coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what ?

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;

Which thou wilt propagate to have them prest

With more of thine ; this love that thou hast shewn

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears ;

What is it else ? a madness most discreet,

A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet :

Farewell, my cousin.

[Going.

BEN. Soft, I'll go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. But I have lost myself, I am not here,
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee ?

BEN. Groan? why no; but fadly tell me, who.

ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will—
O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

ROM. A right good marks-man, and she's fair I love.

BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is fooneft hit.

ROM. But in that hit you miss, — she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit :
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow, she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-feducing gold.
O she is rich in beauty ; only poor,
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

BEN. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste? [waste.

* ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
To merit blifs by making me despair ;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

* None of the following speeches of this scene in the first edition of 1597.

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more :
Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair ;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair ?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

CAP. And Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

PAR. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long :
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

CAP. And too soon marr'd are those so early made :

14 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 3.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she.*
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 If she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
 This night, I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love, and you among the store,
 One more (most welcome!) makes my number more,
 At my poor house, look to behold this night,
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light,
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparel'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Which on more view of many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
 Come go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about,
 Through fair Verona, find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Cap. and Par.*]

SER. Find them out whose names are written here?
 It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with
 his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with
 his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am
 sent to find those persons whose names are here writ,
 and can never find what names the writing person

* ———but she.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:

this line not in the first edition.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 3. 15

hath here writ. I must to the learned.——in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

BEN. Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is less'n'd by another's anguish ;

Turn giddy and be help'd by backward turning,

One desperate grief cure with another's languish :

Take thou some new infection to the eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BEN. For what, I pray thee ?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is :

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipt and tormented ; and — Good-e'en, good fellow.

[To the servant.]

SER. God gi' good-e'en : I pray, Sir, can you read ?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SER. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :
but, I pray,

Can you read any thing you see ?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SER. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

ROM. Stay fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

' Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters :

' Count Anselm and his beauteous sisters ; the

' lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signor Placentino, and his

' lovely nieces ; Mercutio and his brother Valentine ;

' mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters ; my

' fair niece Rosaline, Livio, Signior Valento, and his

' cousin Tibalt ; Lucio, and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly ; whither should they come ?

16 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 3.

SER. Up.

ROM. Whither? to supper?

SER. To our house.

ROM. Whose house?

SER. My master's.

ROM. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

SER. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mountagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. *[Exit.]*

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulets
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And these who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. *[Exeunt.]*

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VOL. V

S C E N E IV.

Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET, and Nurse.

La. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

NURSE. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years old) I bad her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid——where's this girl? what, Juliet?

Enter JULIET.

JUL. How now, who calls?

NURSE. Your mother.

JUL. Madam. I am here, what is your will?

La. CAP. This is the matter——Nurse, give leave a while, we must talk in secret; nurse come back again, I have remembred me, thou shalt hear my counsel: thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. CAP. She's not fourteen.

NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my * teeth be it spoken, I have but four, she's not fourteen; how long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. CAP. A fortnight and odd days.

NURSE. ' Even or odd, of all days in the year, ' come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. ' Susan and the (God rest all Christian souls) were of ' an age. Well, Susan is with God, she was too good ' for me. But as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall ' she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember ' it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, ' and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all

* or, teen, as in the old edition.

' the days in the year, upon that day ; for I had then
 ' laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under
 ' the dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at
 ' Mantua — nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said,
 ' when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my
 ' dug, and felt it bitter. pretty fool, to see it teachy,
 ' and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-
 ' house — 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge;
 ' and since that time it is eleven years, for then she
 ' could stand alone, nay, by th' rood she could have
 ' run, and waddled all about ; for even the day before
 ' she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be
 ' with his soul, a was a merry man,) took up the
 ' child ; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face ?
 ' thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
 ' wilt thou not, Julé ? and by my holy dam, the pret-
 ' ty wretch left crying, and said, ay ; To see now
 ' how a jest shall come about. I warrant, an I should
 ' live a thousand years, I should not forget it : Wilt
 ' thou not, Julé, quoth he ? and pretty fool, it stint-
 ' ed, and said, ay.

LA. CAP. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

* NURSE. Yes, madam ; yet I cannot chuse but
 laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay ;
 and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big
 as a young cockrel's stone : a perilous knock, and it
 cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon
 thy face ? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest
 to age ; wilt thou not, Julé ? it stinted, and said, ay.

JUL. And stint thee too. I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done : God mark thee to
 his grace,

* This speech and tautology is not in the first edition.

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Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
 An I might live to see the married once,
 I have my wish.

La CAP. * And that same marriage is the very theam
 I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
 How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an † honour that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
 I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger
 than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers. By my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. I hus then in brief,
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love

NURSE. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
 As all the world—Why he's a man of wax.

La. CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower. ‡

La. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
 But no more deep will I ingage mine eye,
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

SER. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd
 up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse
 curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I
 must hence to wait, I beseech you follow. § [*Exeunt.*]

* Marry, that marry is the very theam. † hour.

‡ In the common editions here follows a ridiculous speech,
 which is entirely added since the first.

§ ——— I beseech you follow.

SCENE V.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six other maskers, torch-bearers.

ROM. What, shall this speech be spoke for our ex-
Or shall we on without apology? [cuse?

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a cow-keeper :
* Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our enterance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

MER. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me ; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead,
So stokes me to the ground I cannot move. †

MER. Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor ; what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

ROM. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase ;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on. ‡

L. CAP. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

* *The two following lines are inserted from the first edition.*

† *Other lines follow here which are not to be found in the first edition.*

‡ ————— and look on,

I dreamt a dream to-night.

MEN. And so did I.

ROM. Well; what was yours?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

ROM. — In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

MER. 'O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.

'She is the fairies mid-wife, and she comes

'In shape no bigger than an agat-stone

'On the fore-finger of an alderman,

'Drawn with a team of little atomies,

'Athwart mens noses as they lye asleep:

'Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;

'The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

'The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

'The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;

'Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;

'Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

'Not half so big as a round little worm,

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

MER. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest

Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

ROM. Nay, that's not so.

MER. I mean, Sir, we delay.

We burn our lights by night, and lamps by day. [ed. 1.]

Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits

Five times a day, ere once in her right wits. [ed. 1.]

ROM. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask?

ROM. I dreamt a dream, &c.

22 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 5.

' Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
 ' Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 ' Made by the joyner squirrel or old grub,
 ' Time out of mind the fairies coach makers :
 ' And in this state she gallops night by night,
 ' Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
 ' On courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies strait :
 ' O'er lawyer's fingers, who strait dream on fees :
 ' O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,
 ' Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 ' Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 ' Sometimes she gallops o'er a * lawyers nose,
 ' And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 ' And sometimes comes she with a rith-pig's tail,
 ' Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 ' Then dreams he of another benefice.
 ' Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 ' And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 ' Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 ' Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 ' Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 ' And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 ' And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
 ' That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 ' And † cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 ' Which once ‡ untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 ' This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
 ' That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 ' Making them women of good carriage :
 ' This is she——

ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams ;

* courtiers. † bakes. ‡ intangled.

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2 SER.
 I SER.
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Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasie,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the winds; who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind you talk of blows us from our-
 selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear too early; for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, still hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 But he that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my suit! On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum.

*They march about the stage. and servants come
 forth with their napkins.*

1 SER. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
 away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 SER. When good manners shall lye all in one or
 two mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul
 thing.

1 SER. Away with the joint-stools, remove the
 court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save
 me a piece of march-pane; as thou lovest me, let the
 porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Antony, and
 Potpan.

2 SER. Ay, boy, ready.

1 SER. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for,
 and sought for, in the great chamber.

24 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 6.

2 SER. We cannot be here and there too ; cheer-
ly boys ; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take
all. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter all the guests and ladies to the maskers.

I CAP. Welcome gentlemen. Ladies that have
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, * we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty

I'll swear hath corns ; am I come near you now ?

Welcome all gentlemen, I've seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please : 'tis gone, 'tis gone ; 'tis gone !

Music plays, and they dance.

More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up ;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?

2 CAP. By'r lady, thirty years. [much ;

I CAP. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 CAP. 'Tis more, 'tis more ; his son is elder, Sir :
His son is thirty.

I CAP. Will you tell me that ?

* will walk about with you.

His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

SER. I know not, Sir.

ROM. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich Jewel in an Aethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So she wews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight;
I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

TIB. This by his voice should be a Mountague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAP. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storm
you so?

TIB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAP. Young Romeo, is't?

TIB. That villain Romeo.

CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;

26 ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 6.

It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance of a feast.

TIB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

CAP. He shall be endur'd *
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)
I'll make you quiet — What? cheerly, my hearts.

TIB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

ROM. If I prophane with my unworthy hand
[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm, is holy palmer's kiss.

ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

* ————— He shall be endur'd.

What, good man boy — I say he shall Go to —
Am I the master here, or you? go to —
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my foul.
You'll make a mutiny among my guests:
You will set cock a-hoop? you'll be the man?

TIB. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

CAP. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy — 'tis so indeed —
This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
Be quiet, &c.

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NURSE.

ROMEO AND JULIET. I. 6. 27

ROM. O then, dear faint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.*

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

ROM. What is her mother? *[To her nurse.]*

NURSE. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wife and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

ROM. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

BEN. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why they then, I thank you all.

I thank you honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, firrah, by my fay it waxes late.

I'll to my rest. *[Exeunt.]*

JUL. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

* ——— turn to despair.

JUL. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers sake.

ROM. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. *[Kissing her.]*

JUL. Then hath my lips the sin that late they took.

ROM. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kiss by th' book.

NURSE. Madam, &c.

28 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 1.

JUL. What's he that now is going out of door?

NURSE. I hat as I think is young Petruchio.

JUL. What's he that follows here, that would not

NURSE. I know not. [dance?

JUL. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

NURSE. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,
The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

NURSE. What's this? what's this?

JUL. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, anon——

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

† CHORUS.

NOW old desire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

† This chorus added since the first edition.

And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new beloved any where :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extreme sweet.

S C E N E II.

The Street.

Enter ROMEO alone.

ROM. Can I go forward when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*]

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

BEN. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

MER. He is wise,
And on my life hath stoln him home to bed.

BEN. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

MER. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one * rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but *Ayme!* † couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her ‡ pur-blind son and heir,
(Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true,
When § king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid —)
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

* time.
son and her.

† couple but love and day.
§ alluding to an old ballad.

‡ pur-blind

30 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 3.

And the demesns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress's circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight. My invocation is
Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be comforted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone—
Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed.
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

BEN. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A GARDEN.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. He jests at scars that never felt a wound—
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[JULIET *appears above at a window.*
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, are far more fair than she.
 Be not her maid since she is envious :
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it, cast it off——
 She speaks, yet she says nothing : what of that ?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it——
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
 Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp : her eyes in heav'n,
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night :
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !

JUL. Ah me !

ROM. She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heaven,
 Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the * lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo--wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

[aside.

* lazy-puffing.

JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
 What's Mountague ? it is not hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face—* nor any other part.
 What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title : Romeo, quit thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word :
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo. [night

JUL. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

ROM. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear faint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague ?

ROM. Neither, fair faint, if either thee † displease.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
 wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [walls,

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt :

* Corrected thus from the 1st edition. † dislike.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 3. 33

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity. [here.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
And but thou love me, let them find me here; [eyes,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love. [place?

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes :
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke —— but farewell compliment :
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word —— yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false : at lovers perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more * cunning to be strange.

* coining, or coying.

34 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 3.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

JUL. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my true heart's love—— [thee,

JUL. Well, do not swear—— although I joy in
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens—— sweet, good night.
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night—— as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

ROM. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROM. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again. [pose, love?

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what pur-

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 3. 35

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love adieu.

[Nurse calls within.

Anon, good nurse——Sweet Mountague be true :
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

ROM. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above. [deed :

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night in-
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[Within: Madam.

I come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[Within: Madam.] By and by

I come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send

ROM. So thrive my soul.

JUL. A thousand times good night. [Exit.

ROM. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their
books,

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter JULIET again.

JUL. Hiss! Romeo, hiss! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,

36 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 3.

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo

ROM. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears !

JUL. Romeo !

ROM. My sweet !

JUL. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

ROM. By the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail. 'tis twenty years till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other * home but this. [gone,

JUL. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee
' And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
' That lets it hop a little from her hand,
' Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
' And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
' So loving jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night 'till it be morrow. [Exit.

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast,

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

* name.

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S C E N E IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, with a basket.

* FRI. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness flecker'd like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find :

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give :

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,

† Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice sometime by action dignified.

* These four first lines are here replaced, conformably to the first edition ; where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress.

† Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse,

38 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 4.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs; Grace, and rude Will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant,

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Good-morrow, father.

FRI. *Benedicite.*

What early tongue so sweet salutes mine ear?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROM. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

FRI. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

ROM. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

FRI. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been then?

ROM. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies;
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo

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FRI.

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My intercession likewise steads my foe.

FRI. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Ridling confession finds but ridling shrift.

ROM. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRI. Holy saint Francis, what a change is here?
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young mens love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash't thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

ROM. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRI. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROM. And bad'st me bury love.

FRI. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

ROM. I pray thee chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:

40 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 5.

The other did not so.

FRI. Oh she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

ROM. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

FRI. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Street

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
came he not home to-night ?

BEN. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

MER. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run
mad.

BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath
sent a letter to his father's house.

MER. A challenge on my life.

BEN. Romeo will answer it.

MER. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

BEN. Nay he will answer the letter's master, * if
he be challeng'd.

MER. Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through
the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft
with the blind bow-boy's-but-shaft ; and is he a man
to encounter Tybalt ?

* *how he dares, being dared.*

BEN.
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BEN.
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† MER.
ROM.
MER.
VOL.

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?

MER. More than prince of cats. Oh he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the pun-to-reverso, the hay——

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antick lisping affected phantasies, these new * tuners of accents: —— Jesu, a very good blade, —— a very tall man —— a very good whore. —— Why is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-me's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to berime her: Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsie, Helen and Hero hildings and harlots: Thisby a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour*, there's a French salutation to your French stop.†

* *turners.*

† MER. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

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F

ROM. Good-morrow to you both.

Enter Nurse and her man.

ROM. Here's goodly gear: a sayle, a sayle.

MER. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

ROM. Pardon Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning to curtsy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why then is my pump well flower'd.

MER. Sure wit — — follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely-singular.

ROM. O single-sol'd jest.

Solely singular, for the singleness.

MER. Come between us good Benvolio, my wit faints.

ROM. Switch and spurs,

Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

ROM. Thou was never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose bite not.

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter-sweeting. It is a most sharp sawce.

ROM. And is it not well-serv'd into a sweet goose?

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NURSE. Peter.

PET. Anon.

NURSE. My fan, Peter.

MER. Do good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

NURSE. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good-den?

MER. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

NURSE. Out upon you; what a man are you?

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

NURSE. By my troth it is well said: for himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

ROM. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be

MER. O here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

ROM. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MER. Why is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable; now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, stop there.

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

MER. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

44 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 5.

older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE. You say well.

MER. Yea, is the worst well ?
Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

BEN. She will invite him to some supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho.*
Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewel, ancient lady :
Farewel lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

NURSE. I pray you, Sir, what faucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery ?

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. An a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks : and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gils ; I am none

*———So ho.

ROM. What hast thou found ?

MER. No hare, Sir, unless a hare Sir, in a lenten pyc ; that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come &c.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 5. 45

of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[To her man.]

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers — Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

NURSE. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much: lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon,

And there she shall at friar Lawrence's cell

Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No, truly Sir, not a penny.

ROM. Go to, I say you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

46 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 5.

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

NURSE. Now God in heav'n blefs thee: hark you,
Sir.

ROM. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear
say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROM. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady;
lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—
O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as
lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him: I anger her
sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man;
but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale
as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary
and Romeo begin both with a letter?

ROM. Ay nurse, what of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R.
is for the no, I know it begins with no other letter,
and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady— [Exit Romeo.

NURSE. A thousand times. Peter?

PET. Anon.

NURSE. * Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

* from the first edition.

R

JUL.

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JUL.

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NURS

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JUL.

Nay com

NURS

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S C E N E VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse :

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—

Oh she is lame : love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve—

Ay three long hours—and yet she is not come ;

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me ;

Enter Nurse.

* O'God, she comes. What news ?

Hast thou met with him ? send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate.

JUL. Now good sweet nurse—

O lord, why look'st thou sad ?

NURSE. I am a weary, let me rest a while ;

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had ?

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay come, I pray thee speak—Good nurse speak.

NURSE. Give me some *aqua vitae*.

* The verses left out here are not in the old edition.

48 ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 6.

JUL. Is thy news good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to chuse a man: Romeo! no not
he, though his face be better than any man's, yet his
legs excel all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a
bo-dy, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they
are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesie,
but I warrant him as gentle as a lamb —— Go thy
ways wench, serve God —— What, have you dined
at home?

JUL. No, no—but all this did I know before:
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord how my head akes! what a head
have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a t'other side——O my back, my back:
Besheew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

JUL. I'faith I am sorry that thou art so ill.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a virtuous——where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother? why she is within,
Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st!
Your love says like an honest gentleman:
Where is your mother?——

NURSE. O god's lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poulter for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

NURSE.
JUL.
NURSE.
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JUL.

FRI.
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VOL.

ROMEO AND JULIET. II. 7. 49

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

JUL. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune ; honest nurse farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

FRI. So smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

ROM. Amen, amen ; but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own delicioufness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so :
Too swift arrives, as tardy as too slow.

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G

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint ;

' A lover may bestride the goffamour,
' That idles in the wanton summer air,
' And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. Romeo shall thank thee daughter for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else are his thanks too
much.

ROM. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it ; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

FRI. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work.

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

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MER. T
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ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire,
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows, that
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his
sword upon the table, and says, God send me no need
of thee: and by the operation of a second cup, draws
it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

BEN. Am I like such a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to be moody,
and as soon moody to be mov'd.

BEN. And what to?

MER. 'Nay, an there were two such, we should
'have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
'Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath
'a hair more, or a hair less in his beard than thou
'hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
'nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast
'hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy
'out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels,
'as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been
'beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast
'quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, be-
'cause he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep
'in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for
'wearing his new doublet before Easter? with ano-

52 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 1.

'ther. for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and
'yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

BEN. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, PETRUCHIO, and others.

BEN. By my head here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel I care not.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us: couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo—

MER. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. zounds! consort!

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

BEN. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. *[gaze,*

MER. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry go first to field, he'll be your follower,

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MER.

Your worship in that sense may call him man.

TYB. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this ; thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting : villain I am none,
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou has done me, therefore turn and draw.

ROM. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise ;
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so good Capulet (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
Alla stucatho carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

TYB. What wouldst thou have with me ?

MER. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal ; and as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
by the eais ? Make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, Sir, your passado. [Mer. and Tyb. fight.

ROM. Draw, Benvolio——beat down their wea-
pons——

Gentlemen—for shame forbear this outrage——

Tybalt——Mercutio——the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt——good Mercutio.

[*Exit Tybalt.*

MER. I am hurt——

34 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 2.

A plague of both the houses ! I am sped :
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

BEN. What, art thou hurt ? [nough.

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry 'tis e-
Where is my page ? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

ROM. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave-man.
I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world : a plague
of both your houses ! What ? a dog, a rat, a mouse,
a cat, to scratch a man to death ? a braggart, a rogue,
a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic ? why
the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under
your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint ; a plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too——your houses.

[*Exe. Mer. Ben.*

S C E N E II.

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander ; Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin : O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

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BEN. H

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ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 3. 55

ROM. This day's black fate, on more days does
depend,

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. * Alive? in triumph? and Mercutio slain?

Away to heav'n respective lenity,

And † fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Or thou or I, or both, must go with him. *[here,*

TYB. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him
Shall with him hence.

ROM. This shall determine that.

[They fight, Tybalt falls.]

BEN. Romeo, away, be gone:

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain——

Stand not amaz'd, the prince will doom thee death,

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

ROM. O! I am fortune's fool.

BEN. Why dost thou stay? *[Exit Romeo.]*

S C E N E III.

Enter Citizens.

CIT. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt that murderer, which way ran he?

BEN. There lyes that Tybalt.

CIT. Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

* He gone in triumph.

† fire and fury.

56 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 3.

*Enter Prince, MOUNTAGUE, CAPULET, their
wives, &c.*

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

LA. CAP. Tybalt my cousin! O my brother's child,
Unhappy fight! alas the blood is spill'd
of my dear kinsman——Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Mountague.

PRIN. Benvolio, who began this fray? [slay:

BEN. Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by come back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;

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JUL. G

To Phoebe

VOL. V

And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly :
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. CAP. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou prince must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

PRIN. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe.

La. CAP. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend,

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

PRIN. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding,
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none ; let Romeo hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
" Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An apartment in Capulet's house.

Enter JULIET alone.

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phoebus' mansion ; such a waggoner

58 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 4.

As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That run-aways eyes may wink ; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties : or if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
 Hood my unmann'd blood beating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
 For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back :
 Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it ; and though I am fold,
 Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day,
 And is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O here comes my nurse !

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heav'nly eloquence ;
 Now nurse, what news ? what hast thou there ?
 The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch ?

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JUL. V

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NURSE. Ay, ay, the cords.

JUL. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

NURSE. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone——

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

JUL. Can heaven be so envious?

NURSE. Romeo can,

Though heav'n cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!

Who ever would have thought it, Romeo? [thus?

JUL. What devil art thou, that dost torment me

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay;

And that bare vowel ay, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.*

NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the mark, here on his manly breast.

A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood, I swooned at the sight. [once!

JUL. O break, my heart—poor bankrupt break at

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;

Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,

And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had:

O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,

That ever I should leave to see thee dead.

JUL. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

My † dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?

Then let the trumpet sound the general doom,

* The strange lines that follow here in the common books are
not in the old edition.

† dearest.

60 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 4.

For who is living, if those two are gone ?

NURSE. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banish'd.
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. [blood ?

JUL. O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's

NURSE. It did, it did, alas the day ! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flowing face,
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical ! *

O nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound ? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace.

NURSE. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjur'd ;
All, all forsworn ; all naught ; and all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man ? give me some *aqua vitae*—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old !
Shame come to Romeo !

JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not born to shame,
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit :
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,

* ——— fiend angelical,
Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,
Wolvish-ravening lamb,
Despised substance of divinest show :
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
A damned saint, an honourable villain :
O nature ! &c.

*These lines not in the first edition, as well as some others
which I have omitted.*

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ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 4. 61

Sole monarch of the univerfal earth.

O what a beaft was I to chide him fo ? [cousin ?

NURSE. Will you fpeak well of him that kill'd your

JUL. Shall I fpeak ill of him that is my husband ?

Ah poor my lord, what tongue fhall fmoth thy name,

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it !

But wherefore villain didft thou kill my cousin ?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back foolifh tears, back to your native fpring ;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you miftaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives that Tybalt would have flain,

And Tybalt dead that would have kill'd my husband ;

All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?

Some word there was worfer than Tybalt's death

That murther'd me ; I would forget it fain,

But oh it preffes to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to finners minds ;

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banifhed !

That *banifhed*, that one word *banifhed*,

Hath flain ten thoufand Tybalts : Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :

Or if fow'r woe delights in fellowfhip,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when fhe faid *Tybalt's dead*,

Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both* ?

But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banifhed——to fpeak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All flain, all dead !——*Romeo is banifhed* !

There is no end, no limit, meafure, bound,

In that word's death ; no words can that woe found.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurfe ?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corfe.

62 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 5.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

NURSE. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;

I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence cell.

JUL. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar LAWRENCE and ROMEO.

FRI. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearful
man,

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;

And thou art wedded to calamity. [doom?]

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's
What sorrow craves *acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

FRI. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sow'r company.

I bring thee tydings of the prince's doom? [doom?]

ROM. What less than dooms-day, is the prince's

FRI. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Than death itself. Do not say banishment.

FRI. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

* admittance.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 5. 63

ROM. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,
*And world-exil'd, is death. Calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
† This is meer mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROM. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
‡ But Romeo may not, he is banished!

* And world's exile is death. Then banished
Is death mis-term'd, calling death banished.

† That is dear mercy.

‡ Which even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, and thinking their own kisses sin.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly,
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,
No fadden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean,
But banished to kill me? banished?
O friar, &c.

64 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 5.

O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal ?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment ?

FRI. Fond mad man, hear me speak.

ROM. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRI. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

ROM. Yet banished ? hang up philosophy :
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

FRI. O then I see that mad men have no ears.

ROM. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes ?

FRI. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

ROM. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
Wert thou * as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel:
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished ; [hair,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
And all upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

FRI. Arise, one knocks ; good Romeo hide thyself.

[*Knock within.*

Thou wilt be taken——stay a while——stand up ;

[*Knocks.*

* As young as Juliet my love.

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VOL. V

ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 5. 63

Run to my study—— By and by—— God's will ;
What wilfulness is this—— I come, I come [*Knock.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

NURSE. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand :
I come from lady Juliet.

FRI. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. O holy Friar, oh tell me holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

FRI. There, on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

NURSE. O he is even in my mistress's case,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lies she,
Blubbling and weeping, weeping and blubbing.
Why should you fall into so deep an oh!——

ROM. Nurse.

NURSE. Ah Sir! ah Sir!——Death is the end of all.

ROM. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now have I stain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our *cancell'd love?

NURSE. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and
weeps,

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun

* conceal'd.

66 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 5.

Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

FRI. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee? *
What, rouse thee, man, thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there thou'rt happy too.
The law that threatned death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy,
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou † pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

* Here follows in the common books a great deal of nonsense,
not one word of which is to be found in the first edition:

† Thou putt'st up thy fortune.

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Beg pardon of thy prince, and call the back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming. [long,

NURSE. O lord, I could have staid here all night
To hear good counsel: oh, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

ROM. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

FRI. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night.

ROM. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [Exeunt.

* S C E N E VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

CAP. Things have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I—Well, we were born to die—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo:

* Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions.

68 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 7.

Madam, good-night, commend me to your daughter.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
But soft; what day is this?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday? ha! ha! well, Wednesday is too soon,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be marry'd,
We'll keep no great a-do——a friend or two—
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone—on Thursday be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed. [*To Lady Cap.*
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, ho!
Good-night, [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

The Garden.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

JUL. ' Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
' It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
' That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
' Nightly she sings on yond pomgranate tree:
' Believe me love, it was the Nightingale.

ROM. ' It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
' No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks

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‘ Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
 ‘ Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 ‘ Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
 ‘ I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. ‘ Yon light is not day-light, I know it well :
 ‘ It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 ‘ To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 ‘ And light thee on thy way to Mantua ;
 ‘ * Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

ROM. ‘ Let me then stay, let me be ta’en and die ;
 ‘ If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
 ‘ I’ll say yon gray is not the morning’s eye,
 ‘ ’Tis but the pale reflex of Cythia’s brow ;
 ‘ I’ll say it is the Nightingale that beats
 ‘ The vaulty heav’ns so high above our heads,
 ‘ And not the Lark, the messenger of morn.
 ‘ Come death and welcome : Juliet wills it so.
 ‘ What says my love ? let’s talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away :
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division ;
 This doth not so : for she divideth us.
 † Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes,

* Therefore stay, yet thou need’st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
 I’ll say yon gray is not the morning’s eye,
 ’Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia’s brow,
 Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heav’ns so high above our heads.
 I have more care to stay than will to go.
 Come death &c.

† Alluding to some fable, or some notion of the Naturalists.

70 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 8.

O now I would they had chang'd voices too !

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

ROM. Farewel my love: one kifs, and I'll descend.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. Madam.

JUL. Nurse.

[ber:

NURSE. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

JUL. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband!
friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROM. Farewell: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JUL. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

ROM. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul,
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

[Romeo descends.

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROM. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. [Exe.

S C E N E VIII.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle fortune:

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ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 8. 71

For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. CAP. Ho daughter, are you up?

JUL. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. CAP. Why how now, Juliet?

JUL. Madam, I'm not well. [death?

La. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?*

JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. CAP. Well girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam?

La. CAP. That same villain, Romeo.

JUL. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

La. CAP. content thee girl. If I could find a man,
I soon would send to Mantua where he is,
And give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he should soon keep Tybalt company.

JUL. Find you the means, and I'll find such a man,
For while he lives, my heart shall ne'er be light
'Till I behold him——dead——is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vext?

La. CAP. We'l, let that pass.
I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,

* Several unnecessary lines are omitted in this scene, which is printed more agreeably to the first edition.

72 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 8.

Hath fort'd out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. CAP. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

JUL. Now by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.

I pray you tell my lord and father, Madam,

I will not marry yet, and when I do,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.

La. CAP. Here comes your father, tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

CAP. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore show'ring? in one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is

Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,

Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body——How now, wife?

Have you deliver'd to her our decree? [thanks:

La. CAP. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you
I would the fool were married to her grave.

CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

CAP. Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. CAP. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

CAP. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to church a Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

NURSE. God in heaven blefs her:
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

NURSE. I speak no treason — O god-ye-good-den—
May not one speak?

CAP. Peace you mumbling fool,
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. CAP. You are too hot.

74 ROMEO AND JULIET. III. 8.

CAP. God's bread, it makes me mad : * day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad ; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping ; still my care hath been
To have her match'd ; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demean, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd as they say with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man :
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer ; I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise ;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend :
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets ;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good :
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

JUL Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

JUL. O God ! O nurse, how shall this be prevented ?

* Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, and play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been &c.

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Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself.

NURSE. Faith here it is :

Romeo is banish'd, all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the count.
Oh he's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this second match,
For it excels your first ; or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

NURSE. And from my soul too,
Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen.

NURSE. What ? [much ;

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Lawrence' cell
To make confession, and to be absolved.

NURSE. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.

JUL. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times ? go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain :
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The Monastery.**Enter Friar LAWRENCE and PARIS.*

FRIAR.

O N Thursday, Sir ! the time is very short.

PAR. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.FRI. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is this course, I like it not.PAR. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway ;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste ?FRI. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.*Enter JULIET.*

PAR. Welcome my love, my lady and my wife.

JUL. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

PAR. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday

JUL. What must be, shall be. [next.

FRI. That's a certain text.

PAR. Come you to make confession to this father ?

JUL. To answer that were to confess to you.

PAR. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

JUL. I will confess to you that I love him.

PAR. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

JUL. The tears have got small victory by that :
For it was bad enough before their spight.

PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

JUL. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own,
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

FRI. My leisure serves me. penfive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

PAR. God shield, I should disturb devotion :
Juliet farewell, and keep this holy kifs. [*Exit Paris.*]

JUL. Go shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

FRI. O Juliet, I already know your grief,
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count.

JUL. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold

78 ROMEO AND JULIET. IV. 1.

'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring :
* Speak not, be brief ; for I desire to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

FRI. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desp'rate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County Paris
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'ist with death himself, to 'scape from it :
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

JUL. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower :
† Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that to hear them ‡ nam'd, have made me
tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To leave an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

* Be not so long to speak, I long to die.

† Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are, chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c. — *It is thus the editions vary.*
‡ told.

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FRI. Hold Juliet: hye thee home, get thee to bed:
 (Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:)
 And when thou art alone, take thou this viol,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
 When presently through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowfie humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To * paly ashes; the eyes windows fall
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Be born to burial in thy kindreds grave:
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lye.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua;
 If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

[taking the vial.

FRI. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed

meety.

80 ROMEO AND JULIET. IV. 2.

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love give me strength, and strength shall
help afford.

Farewel, dear father——

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Capulet's House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and two or
three servants.*

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?

NURSE. Ay forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NURSE. † See where she comes from her confession.

CAP. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

JUL. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and I'm enjoin'd

*——— twenty cunning cooks.

SER. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can
lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

SER. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own
fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his own fingers, goes
not with me.

CAP. Go, be gone.

We shall be much, &c.

† See where she comes from shrift, with merry look.

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CAP.

And all

By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon : pardon I beseech you !
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the Count, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,
This is as't should be, let me see the County :
Ay marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me fort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. CAP. No not 'till Thursday, there is time e-
nough.

CAP. Go nurse, go with her ; we'll to church to-
morrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. CAP. We shall be short in our provision ;
'Tis now near night.

CAP. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone :
I'll play the housewife for this once. What ha ?
They are all forth ; well I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt Capulet and Lady Capulet.]

S C E N E III.

*Juliet's Chamber.**Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

JUL. Ay, those attires are best ; but gentle nurse,
 I pray thee leave me to myself to-night :
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,
 Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. CAP. What are you busy, do you need my help?

JUL. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
 As are behoveful for our state to morrow :
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
 For I am sure you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. CAP. Good-night.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

JUL. ' Farewel—God knows, when we shall meet
 again !

' I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 ' That almost freezes up the heat of † life.
 ' I'll call them back again to comfort me.
 ' Nurse——what should she do here ?
 ' My dismal scene I needs must act alone : [*all ?*]
 ' Come vial — What if this mixture do not work at
 ' Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count ?
 ' No, no, this shall forbid it ; lye thou there——

[Pointing to a dagger.]

' What if it be a poison, which the Friar
 ' Subt'ly hath ministred, to have me dead,
 † fire.

' Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 ' Because he married me before to Romeo ?
 ' I fear it is ; and yet methinks it should not,
 ' For he hath still been tried a holy man——
 ' How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
 ' I wake before the time that Romeo
 ' Comes to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
 ' Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 ' To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breaths in ?
 ' Or if I live, it is not very like
 ' The horrible conceit of death and night,
 ' Together with the terror of the place,
 ' (As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
 ' Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
 ' Of all my buried ancestors are packt ;
 ' Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
 ' Lies festring in his shroud ; where, as they say,
 ' At some hours in the night spirits resort——)
 ' Alas, alas ! is it not like, that I
 ' So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 ' And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 ' That loving mortals hearing them run mad——
 ' Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 ' (Invironed with all these hideous fears,)
 ' And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,
 ' And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?
 ' And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
 ' As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains ?
 ' O look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 ' Seeking out Romeo——Stay, Tybalt, stay !
 ' Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

S C E N E IV.

*A Hall.**Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

La. CAP. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse. [stry.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pa-

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock :

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.

Spare not for cost.

NURSE. Go, you cot-quean, go ;

Get you to bed ; faith you ll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching. [now

CAP. No not a whit : what, I have watch'd ere All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. CAP. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[Ex, Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood——

Now, fellow, what's there ?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

SER. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste, sirrah, fetch drier logs, Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

SER. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter.

CAP. Mass and well said, a merry horse, ha ! Thou shalt be logger-head——good faith, 'tis day.

[Play music.]

The County will be here with music straight,

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ROMEO AND JULIET. IV. 5. 85

For so he said he would. I hear him near.
Nurse, wife, what ho? what, nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste, I say. [Exit Capulet.]

S C E N E V.

Scene draws and discovers JULIET on a bed.

NURSE. Mistrefs, what mistrefs! Juliet——Fast I
warrant her,

Why lamb——why lady——Fie you slug-a-bed——
Why love, I say——Madam, sweet-heart——why bride——
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little——God forgive me——
Marry and amen——How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up i'faith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your cloaths——and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born?
Some *aqua vitae*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. CAP. What noise is here?

NURSE. O lamentable day!

La. CAP. What is the matter?

NURSE. Look,—oh heavy day!

La. CAP. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

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Enter CAPULET.

CAP. For shame bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.

NURSE. She's dead, deceast, she's dead : alack
the day !

CAP. Ha ! let me see her—Out alas, she's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated :

' Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

' Upon the sweetest flower of the field.

Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Enter Friar LAWRENCE, and PARIS with *Musicians*.

FRI. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

CAP. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before the wedding-day

Hath death lain with thy wife : see, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him :

Death is my son-in-law.—— [face,

PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. CAP. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage,

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in.

And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

NURSE. O woe ! oh woful, woful, woful day ! *

Most lamentable day ! most woful day !

That ever, ever, I did yet behold,

Oh day ! oh day ! oh day ! oh hateful day !

* This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited.
Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found
in the said edition ; which occasions the variation in this from
the common books.

Never was seen so black a day as this :

Oh woful day ! oh woful day !

FRI. Oh peace for shame——

Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,

And it is vain to wish it otherwise.

Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,

Now heav'n hath all——

Come stick your rosemary on this fair corpse,

And as the custom of our country is,

In all her best and sumptuous ornaments

Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

CAP. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral :

Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;

And bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corpse. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Manent Musicians.

MUS. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows : ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

MUS. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

PET. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease* : oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

MUS. Why *heart's ease* ?

PET. O musicians, because my heart itself plays,
my heart itself is full of woe. O play me some merry
dump, to comfort me !

MUS. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

PET. You will not then ?

88 ROMEO AND JULIET. IV. 6.

Mus. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

PET. No money on my faith, I'll *re* you, I'll *sa* you, do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *sa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit, answer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,

Then music with her silver sound—

Why *silver sound*? why music with her silver sound?

Why say you, Simon Catling?

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. * Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

PET. † Pretty too! what say you Samuel Sound-board?

3 Mus. Faith I know not what to say.

PET. O I cry you mercy, you are the *finger*, I will *say* for you. It is music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have no gold for founding.

[Exit.

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack, come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

* pratest.

† pratest too.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

IF I may trust the * flattery of sleep,
My dreams preface some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
† And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter Romeo's Man.

News from Verona — How now Balthazar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar ?
How doth my lady ? is my father well ?
How doth my Juliet ? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

MAN. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives :
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.

ROM. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

* flattering truth of sleep.

† and all this winged, unaccustom'd.

MAN. Pardon me Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar ?

MAN. No, good my lord.

ROM. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Man.]

Well Juliet, I will lye with thee to-night ;
Let's see for means—O mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men !

' I do remember an Apothecary,
' And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
' In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
' Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,
' Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
' And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
' An alligator stuft, and other skins
' Of ill-shap'd fishes, and about his shelves
' A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
' Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
' Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
' Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.

Noting this penury, to myself I said,
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
What ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

AP. Who calls so loud?

ROM. Come hither man, I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poison, such soon spreading gear,
As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

AP. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

ROM. 'Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
'And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
'Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
'Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
'The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
'The world affords no law to make thee rich,
'Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

AP. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

ROM. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

AP. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

ROM. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel, buy food, and get * thee into flesh.

Come cordial, and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

* thyself in flesh.

S C E N E II.

*The Monastery at Verona.**Enter Friar JOHN to Friar LAWRENCE.*

JOHN. Holy Franciscan Friar ! brother ! ho !

LAW. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua ; what says Romeo ?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick ;
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

LAW. Who bore my letter then to Romeo ?

JOHN. I could not send it ; here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.LAW. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]LAW. Now must I to the monument alone :
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living coarfe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb ![*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Church-yard: In it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, with a light.

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond * yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearst something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

PAGE. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard yet I will adventure [*Exit.*

PAR. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew; [*Strewing flowers.*

† Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[*The boy whistles.*

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach,—
What curst foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

* young trees. † These four lines from the old edition.

S C E N E IV.

Enter ROMEO and PETER with a light.

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
 Hold, take this letter, early in the morning [iron.
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light ; upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is partly to behold my lady's face :
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment, therefore hence be gone :
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs ;
 The time and my intents are savage, wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

PET. I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

ROM. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
 Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell good fellow.

PET. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit.

ROM. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth ;
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the monument.*

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Mountague
 That murder'd my love's cousin ; (with which grief
 It is supposed the fair creature dy'd,)

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* Some
 worthy of
 edition.

And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

ROM. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,
Fly hence and leave me: think upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.*

PAR. I do defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee
boy. *[They fight, Paris falls.]*

PAGE. Oh lord they fight! I will go call the watch.

PAR. Oh I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

ROM. In faith I will: let me peruse this face.—
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet;
To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book,

* Some lines are left out here and afterwards, which are unworthy of Shakespear, and no hint of them to be found in the old edition.

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I'll bury thee in this triumphant grave.
 For here lyes Juliet—Oh my love, my wife
 Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To funder his that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—— Ah dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour:
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: come lye thou in my arms,
 Here's to thy health.——O true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come bitter conduct, come unfavoury guide,
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks * my sea-sick weary bark:
 Here's to my love! oh true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

* thy.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. V. 4. 97

Enter Friar LAWRENCE with lanthorn, crow, and spade.

FRI. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there?

PET. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

FRI. Blifs be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets monument.

PET. It doth so, holy Sir,
And there's my master, one you dearly love.

FRI. Who is it?

PET. Romeo.

FRI. How long hath he been there?

PET. Full half an hour.

FRI. Go with me to the vault.

PET. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents

FRI. Stay, then I'll go alone. fear comes upon me;
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

PET. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

FRI. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and goary swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who else? what Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

98 ROMEO AND JULIET. V. 4.

The lady stirs.

JUL. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where's my lord?

I do remember well where I should be ;
And there I am ; but where is Romeo ?

FRI. I hear some noise ! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep ;
A greater Power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away ;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lyes dead,
And Paris too—Come, I'll dispose of thee,
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :
Stay not a question, for the watch is coming. [*Exit.*]

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here ? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison I see hath been his timeless end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them ;
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

WATCH. Lead boy, which way ?

JUL. Yea, noise ?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger !

[*Finding a dagger.*]

* This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch
doth burn.

WATCH. The ground is bloody. Search about
the church-yard,

Go some of you, whom e'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight ! here lies the County slain,

* 'Tis in thy sheath.

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And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raife up the Mountagues, some others search——

Enter some of the Watch with Romeo's Man.

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
the church-yard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety 'till the Prince
comes hither.

Enter a Friar and a third Watchman.

3 WATCH. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 WATCH. A great suspicion, stay the Friar too.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Prince and attendance.

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET and Lady CAPULET.

CAP. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. CAP. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this which startles in your
ears? [slain,

WATCH. Sovereign, here lyes the County Paris
And Romeo dead, and Juliet (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes. [man,

WATCH. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's

100 ROMEO AND JULIET. V. 5.

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.

CAP. Oh heav'n! oh wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for loe * the sheath
Lies empty on the back of Mountague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. CAP. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter MOUNTAGUE.

PRINCE, Come Mountague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early † fallen.

MOUN. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What further wo conspires against my age?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

MOUN. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

FRI. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

* ————— loe his house

Is empty on the back of Mountague,
And is mis-sheathed —————

† down.

ROMEO AND JULIET. V. 5. 101

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRI. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stoln marriage day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I write to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.

But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,

102 ROMEO AND JULIET. V. 5.

And bear this work of heav'n with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desp'rate would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : but if ought in this
Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

PRINCE. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

PETER. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch ?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the Friar's
words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Come to this vault to die, and lye with Juliet.
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Mountague !
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

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ROMEO AND JULIET. V. 5. 103

That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd!

CAP. O brother Mountague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

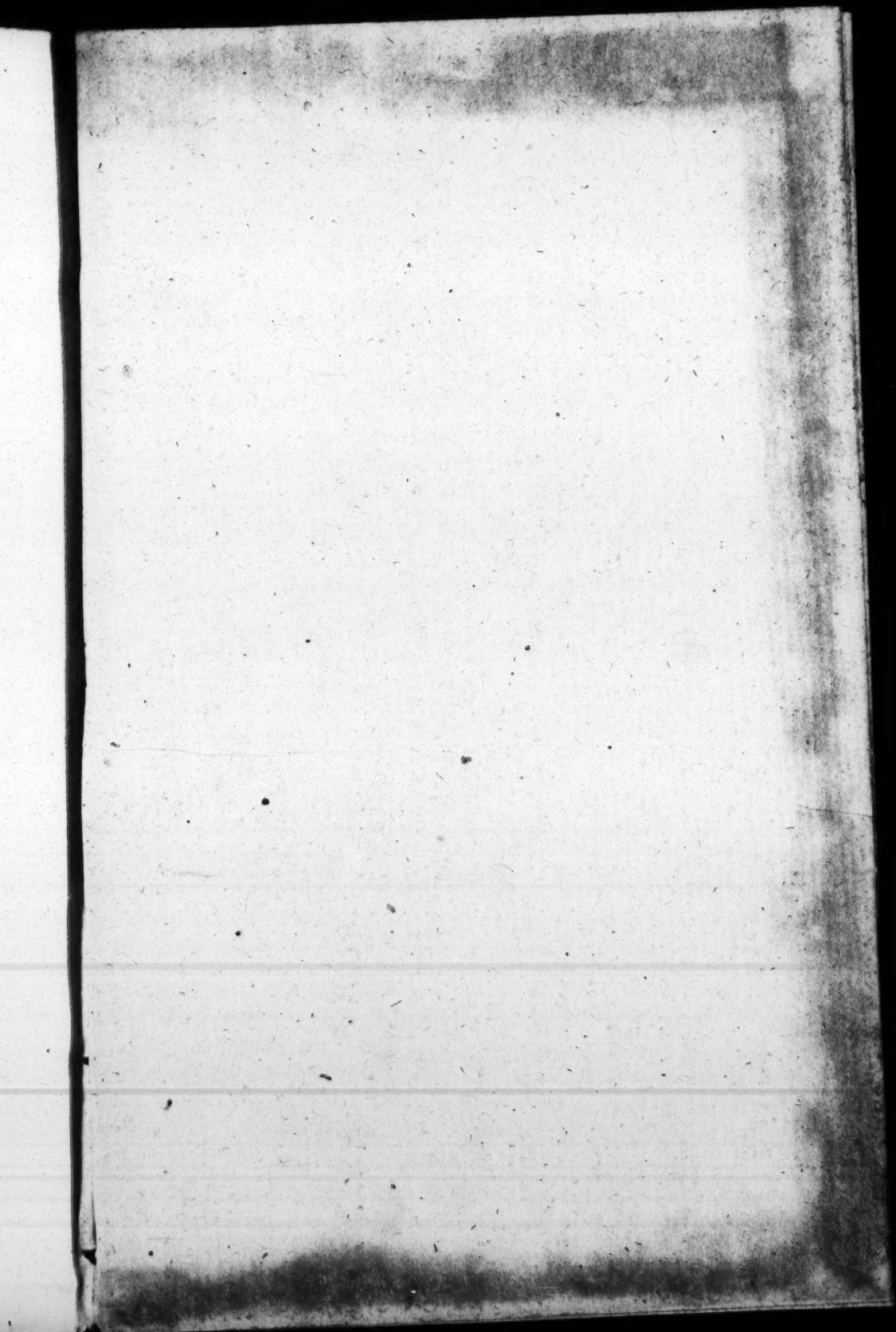
MOUN. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lye,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

PRINCE. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

T H E E N D.





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THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.
IN
EIGHT VOLUMES.

Collated and Corrected by the former Editions,

BY MR. POPE.

PRINTED FROM HIS SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME VIII. PART II.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS

M.DCC.LXVI.



VOLUME VIII. PART II.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.



011768. n. 3.
H A M L E T,

P R I N C E

O F

D E N M A R K.

THE AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

ACCORDING TO

MR. POPE'S SECOND EDITION.

G L A S G O W,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS
MDCCLVI.



H A M L E T,
P R I N C E
O F
D E N M A R K.

VOL. VIII.

A 2

Dramatis Personae.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, Son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRAUS,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRICK, a Fop.

MARCELLUS, an Officer.

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO,

REYNOLDO, Servant to Polonius.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

} Courtiers.

} two Soldiers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius, beloved by Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other attendants.

SCENE EL SINOOR.

This Story was not invented by our Author; tho' from whence he took it, I know not.



H A M L E T,
PRINCE of DENMARK.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter BERNARDO and FRANCISCO, two centinels.

BERNARDO.

WHO's there ?

FRAN. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold
your self.

BER. Long live the King.

FRAN. Bernardo ?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed,
Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard ?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

FRAN. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there ?

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liege-men to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good-night.

MAR. Oh farewell, honest soldier; who hath relieved you?

FRAN. Bernardo has my place: give you good-night.
[Exit Francisco.]

MAR. Holla, Bernardo.

BER. Say, what is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

MAR. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasmie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

HOR. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BER. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears;
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one——

MAR. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

BER. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

BER. Looks it not like the King: mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR. Speak to it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark,
Did sometime march? by Heaven I charge thee speak.

MAR. It is offended.

BER. See! it stalks away.

HOR. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Ex. Ghost.*]

MAR. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than phantasia?
What think you of it?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MAR. Is it not like the King?

HOR. As thou art to thy self.

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the fleaded * Polack on the ice.

'Tis strange——

MAR. Thus twice before, and just at this † dead
hour,

* Pole-axe in the common editions; he speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. He uses the word Polack again, act 2. scene 4.

† same.

With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.

HOR. In what particular thought to work, I know
not :

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MAR. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subjects of the land ?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ?

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week ?

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day :
Who is't that can inform me ?

HOR. That can I,

At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight. In which, our valiant Hamlet,
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras : who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King ; which had return
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as by that cov'nant
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,

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Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and dyet, to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in't : which is no other,
 And it doth well appear unto our state,
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost : and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

BER. I think it be no other, but even so :
 Well may it fort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King,
 That was and is the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye,
 In the most high and † palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
 Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
 Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doom's-day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on,
 Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold ! lo, where it comes again !

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion !

[Spreading his arms.]

† palmy for victorious ; in the other editions flourishing.

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ;
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh speak !——

Or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

[*Cock crows.*

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and speak——stop it, Marcellus——

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partizan ?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'Tis here——

HOR. 'Tis here——

MAR. 'Tis gone.

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the shew of violence ;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day ; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

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Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
 The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm ;
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But look, the morn in ruffet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill ;
 Break we our watch up, and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet. For upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

MAR. Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

Enter CLAUDIUS *King of Denmark*, GERTRUDE *the Queen*, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *lords and attendants.*

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green ; and that is fitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of our selves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
 Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along, (for all, our thanks.)
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame;
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage;
 He hath fail'd not to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, by all bands of law
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 Now for our self, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
 Who impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
 His further gate herein; in that the levies,
 The lifts, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subjects: and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 Of treaty with the King, more than the scope
 Which these dilated articles allow.
 Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

VOL. In that, and all things, will we shew our
 duty.

KING. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now Laertes, what's the news with you?

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You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes ?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

LAER. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France ;
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark
 To shew my duty in your coronation ;
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd France :
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING. Have you your father's leave ? what says
 Polonius ?

POL. He hath, my lord, by laboursome petition,
 Wrung from me my slow leave ; and at the last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

KING. Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,
 And thy best graces ; spend it at thy will.
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son —

HAM. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on you ?

HAM. Not so my lord, I am too much i'th' fun.

QUEEN. Good Hamlet cast thy ^a nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
 Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust ;
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,

^a nightly.

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN. If it be ;

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

HAM. Seems, madam ? nay, it is ; I know not seems :

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary fuits of solemn black,
Nor windy fuspuration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These may seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within, which passeth show :
These, but the trappings, and the fuits of woe.

KING. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
To give these mourning duties to your father :
But you must know, your father lost a father,
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple, and unschool'd :
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? fie ! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theam
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first coarse, 'till he that died to-day,

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“ This must be so.” We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father : for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart tow’rd you. For your intent
 In going back to school to Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
 Hamlet :

I pr’y thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING. Why ’tis a loving, and a fair reply,
 Be as our self in Denmark. Madam, come,
 This gentle and unforc’d accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
 And the King’s rowse the heav’n shall bruit again
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manet HAMLET.

HAM. Oh that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew ;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His * canon ’gainst self-slaughter. Oh God ! oh God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

* cannon.

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* cannon.

Seem to me all the uses of this world ?
 Fie on't ! oh fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to feed ; things rank, and gross in nature
 Possess it, meerly that it should come thus,
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much ; not two,—
 So excellent a King, that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a Satyr ! so loving to my mother,
 That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth !
 Must I remember ?—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; yet within a month ?—
 Let me not think— Frailty, thy name is woman !
 A little month !— or e'er those shews were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, ev'n she,—
 Oh heav'n ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourned longer—married with mine
 uncle,
 My father's brother ; no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month !——
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears,
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

S C E N E IV.

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

HOR. Hail to your lordship.

HAM. I am glad to see you well,
 Horatio ? or I do forget my self ? [ever.

HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant

HAM. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name
with you :

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?
Marcellus !——

MAR. My good lord——

HAM. I am very glad to see you ; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not * hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no truant ;
But what is your affair in Elfinoor ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pr'y thee do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio : the funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.

My father——methinks I see my father.

HOR. Oh where, my lord ?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw ! who ?

HOR. My lord, the King your father.

* have.

HAM. The King my father.

HOR. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAM. For heaven's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst the (distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this?

MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we
watcht.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HOR. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
It self to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

HAM.
HOR.
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HAM. 'Tis very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAM. Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night ?

BOTH. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you ?

BOTH. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe ?

BOTH. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face ?

HOR. Oh yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly ?

HOR. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale, or red ?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

HOR. Most constantly.

HAM. I would I had been there.

HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like ; staid it long ?

HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

ALL. Longer, longer.

HOR. Not when I saw't.

HAM. His beard was grissly ?

HOR. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd.

HAM. I'll watch to-night ; perchance 'twill walk
again.

HOR. I warrant you it will.

HAM. If it assumes my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight;
 Let it be * treble in your silence still?
 And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
 I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
 I'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

HAM. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
 My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
 I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
 'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
 (Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in POLONIUS's house.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

LAER. My necessities are embark'd, farewell;
 And sister, as the winds give benefit,
 And convoy is assistant; do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

OPH. Do you doubt that?

LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting,
 † The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
 No more.

OPH. No more but so?

LAER. Think it no more:

* *tenable.*

† *The suppliance of a minute.*

For nature crescent does not grow alone,
 In * thews and bulk ; but as his temple waxes,
 The inward service of the mind and soul
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
 And now no † foil nor cautel doth besmerch
 The virtue of his ‡ will : but you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
 For he himself is subject to his birth ;
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
 The || sanctity and health of the whole state.
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 Whereof he's head. Then if he says he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his peculiar § act and place
 May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
 And keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes,
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

* thews, or qualities. † foil. ‡ fear. || or, sanity.
 § sect and force.

Contagious blastments are most eminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to it self rebels, tho' none else near.

OPH. I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n ;
Whilst like a puffed and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
* And recks not his own reed.

LAER. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI.

Enter POLONIUS.

I stay too long ;——but here my father comes :
A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POL. Yet here, Laertes ! get aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for there. My blessing with you ;
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. ' Give thy thoughts no tongue,
' Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :
' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
' The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
' Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel :
' But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
' Of entrance to a quarrel : but being in,
' Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
' Give every man thine ear ; but few thy voice.
' Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.

* recks not his own reed, *that is*, heeds not his own lessons.

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Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both it self and friend :
 A borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all ; to thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewel ; my blessing feason this in thee.

LAER. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POL. The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

LAER. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well
 What I have said.

OPH. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
 And you your self shall keep the key of it.

LAER. Farewel. [Exit Laer.]

POL. What is't, Ophelia, he said to you ?

OPH. So please you, something touching the lord
 Hamlet.

POL. Marry, well bethought !
 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you ; and you your self
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
 If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You do not understand your self so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
 What is between you ? give me up the truth.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

POL. Affection ! puh ! you speak like a green girl,

Unfifted in fuch perilous circumftance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I fhould think.

POL. Marry I'll teach you ; think yourfelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not fterling. Tender yourfelf more dearly ;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrafe,)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fafhion.

POL. Ay, fafhion you may call't : go to, go to.

OPH. And hath giv'n count'nance to his fpeech,
my lord,

With almoft all the holy vows of heaven.

POL. Ay, fpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the foul
Lends the tongue vows. Thefe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinguiſh'd in both,
Ev'n in their promife as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be fomewhat ſcantier of your maiden preſence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger * tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
† Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meer implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious ‡ bawds,

* Tider, or tether, teder, a ſtring to tie horſes.

† Not of the dye which their inveſtments ſhew.

‡ Bonds in all the editions.

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OPH.

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The better to beguile. This is for all :
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you ; come your way.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Platform before the Palace.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAM. What hour now ?

HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. I heard it not : it then draws near the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike musick within.*]

What does this mean, my lord ?

HAM. The King doth wake to-night, and takes
 his rowse,

Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring upstart reels ;
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

HOR. Is it a custom ?

HAM. Ay marry is't :

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach, than the observance. †

† These 21 Lines following are in the first edition, but in some editions since left out, perhaps as being thought too verbose, but certainly Shakespear's.

This heavy-headed revell, east and west,

Enter Ghost.

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes !

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy ‡ intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane : oh ! answer me,
 Let me not burst in ignorance ; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearded in death,
 Have burst their cearments ? why the sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?

Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations ;
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our ambition ; and indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So oft it chanceth in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plaufive manners ; that these men
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 (Being nature's livery, or fortune's scar)
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault. —

Enter Ghost, &c.

‡ events.

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That thou dead corse again in compleat steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ? and us fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

MAR. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground :
 But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means. [*holding Hamlet.*]

HAM. 'It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear ?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
 And for my soul, what can it do to that ?
 Being a thing immortal as it self.

It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——

HOR. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my
 lord ?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness ? think of it.

* The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
 That looks so many fadoms to the sea ;
 And hears it roar beneath.

* The 4 following lines added from the first edition.

HAM. It waves me still : Go on, I'll follow thee—

MAR. You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hand.

HOR. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve :

Still am I call'd ? unhand me, gentlemen——

[*Breaking from them.*]

By heav'n I'll make a ghost of him that lets me——

I say away——go on——I'll follow thee——

[*Exe. Ghost and Hamlet.*]

HOR. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

MAR. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HOR. Have after. To what issue will this come ?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HOR. Heav'n will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

HAM. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak ; I'll go no

GHOST. Mark me.

[*further.*]

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up my self.

HAM. Alas poor Ghost !

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

[*hear.*]

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt

HAM. What ?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit ;

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Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires ;
 'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood ; list, list, oh list !
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love ——

HAM. Oh heav'n !

[murther.

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural

HAM. Murther ?

GHOST. Murther most foul, as in the best it is ;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAM. Haste me to know, what I with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt ;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
 'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me. The whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

HAM. Oh my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
 (Oh wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
 Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage——
 But soft, methinks I scent the morning air——
 Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of curfed hebenon in a viol,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curb, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter * bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,

* bak'd.

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Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatch ;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

† Unhouzzled, † unanointed, † unanel'd ;

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.

Oh horrible ! oh horrible ! most horrible !

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother ought ; leave her to heav'n,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !

The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu ; remember me.

[Exit.

HAM. Oh all you host of heav'n ! oh earth ! what
else ?

And shall I couple hell ? oh hold my heart——

And you my sinews, grow not instant old ;

But bear me stiffly up ; remember thee——

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe ; remember thee——

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there ;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

† unhouzzled, *without the sacrament being taken.*

† unanointed, *without extream unction.*

† unanel'd, *no knell rung.*

Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
 Oh most pernicious woman!
 Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
 My tables,——meet it is I fet it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [*Writing*]
 So uncle, there you are; now to my word;
 It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
 I've sworn it——

S C E N E IX.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

HOR. My lord, my lord.

MAR. Lord Hamlet.

HOR. Heav'n secure him.

MAR. So be it.

HOR. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.

HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come boy, come.

MAR. How is't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

HAM. Oh wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No, you'll reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

HAM. How say you then, would heart of man once
 think it?

But you'll be secret?——

BOTH. Ay, by heav'n, my lord. [*mark,*

HAM. There's near a villain dwelling in all Den-
 But he is an arrant knave.

HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
 the grave
 To tell us this.

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HAM. Why right, you are i'th' right;
 And so without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
 You as your business and desires shall point you,
 (For every man has business and desire,
 Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
 I will go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.

HAM. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
 Yes heartily.

HOR. There's no offence, my lord.

HAM. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord,
 And much offence too. Touching this vision here—
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'er-master't as you may. And now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

HOR. What is't, my lord?

HAM. Never make known what you have seen to-
 night.

BOTH. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear't.

HOR. In faith, my lord, not I.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAM. Upon my sword.

MAR. We've sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the stage.*]

HAM. Ah ha boy, say'st thou so; art thou there,
 truepenny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the celleridge.

Consent to swear.

HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. Swear.

HAM. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. Swear.

HAM. Well said, old mole, can't work i'th
ground so fast?

A worthy pioneer? Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. Oh day and night! but this is wondrous
strange.

HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream't of in your philosophy. But come,
Swear as before, never so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear my self,
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on)
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With arms encumbred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, well—we know—or, we could, and if we
would——
Or, if we list to speak—or, there be, and if there
might——
(Or such ambiguous giving out) denote
That you know ought of me. This do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.

GHOST. Swear.

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HAM. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you ;
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is,
 May do t'express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack ; let us go in together,
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray.
 The time is out of joint ; oh curst spight,
 That ever I was born to set it right.
 Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

An apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter POLONIUS, and REYNOLDO.

P O L O N I U S.

GIVE him this money, and these notes, Reynoldo.
 REY. I will, my lord.

POL. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynoldo,

Before you visit him, to make enquiry of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

POL. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, Sir,
 Enquire me first what Danſkers are in Paris ;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expence ? and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son ; come you more near ;

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

As thus——I know his father and his friends,

And in part him——do ye mark this, Reynoldo ?

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REY. As gaming, my lord——

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing— You may go so far.

REY. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POL. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so
quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savageness and in unreclaimed blood
Of general assault.

REY. But, my good lord——

POL. Wherefore should you do this?

REY. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

POL. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You laying these slight fallies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converse; he you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you speak of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good Sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition,

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Of man and country.)

REY. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, Sir, does he this?

He do's—what was I about to say?

I was about to say * something? where did I leave?—

REY. At closes in the consequence.

POL. At closes in the consequence—Ay marry,

He closes thus. I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, with such and such, and as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,

There falling out at tennis; or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth—See you now;

Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth;

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of byas,

By indirections find directions out:

So by my former lecture and advice

Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God b'w' you; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord——

POL. Observe his inclination in your self.

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his musick.

REY. Well, my lord.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter OPHELIA.

POL. Farewel. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPH. Alas my lord, I have been so affrighted!

* nothing.

POL. With what, in the name of heav'n?

OPH. My lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love?

OPH. My lord, I do not know:
But truly I do fear it.

POL. What said he?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of his arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out-a-doors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasie of love,
Whose violent property foredoes it self,
And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
At oft as any passion under heav'n,
That do's afflict our natures. I am sorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

OPH. No.
I did repel
His access.

POL. I
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OPH. No, my good lord ; but as you did command,
I did repel the letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

POL. That hath made him mad.
I'm sorry that with better * heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he triff'd
And meant to wrack thee ; but beshrew my jealousy ;
It seems it is as proper to our age,
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known, which being kept close, might
move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSINCROSSE, GUILDEN-
STERN, *lords and other attendants.*

KING. Welcome dear Rosincrosse and Guildenstern,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies

* *speed.*

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from occasions you may glean,
 If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That open'd lies within our remedy. [you]

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
 And sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much gentry and good-will,
 As to extend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a King's remembrance.

ROS. Both your Majesties
 Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 Than to entreaty.

GUIL. But we both obey,
 And here give up our selves in the full bent,
 To lay our service freely at your feet.

KING. Thanks, Rosincrosse and gentle Guildenstern.

QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosincrosse;

And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too-much changed son. Go some of ye,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUIL. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

QUEEN. Amen.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
 Are joyfully return'd.

KING. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POL. Have I, my lord? assure you, my good liege,
 I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,

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Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
 And I do think (or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy, so sure
 As I have us'd to do) that I have found
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING. Oh speak of that, that I do long to hear.

POL. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
 My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

KING. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them
 in. [Ex. Polonius.

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN. I doubt it is no other but the main,
 His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

S C E N E IV.

Enter POLONIUS, VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

KING. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, my
 good friends!

Say Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLT. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack:
 But better lookt into, he truly found
 It was against your highness. Whereat griev'd,
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
 Was falsely born in hand, sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
 Receives rebuke from Norway; and in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual eef,

And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack :
 With an intreaty herein further shewn,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprize
 On such regards of safety and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

KING. It likes us well ;
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time we thank you, for your * well-took labour.
 Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together.
 Most welcome home. [Ex. Ambaſs.]

POL. This business is well ended.
 My liege and madam, to expostulate
 What Majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief; your noble son is mad.
 Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
 But let that go.

QUEEN. More matter, with less art.

POL. Madam, I swear I use no art at all :
 That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity, it is true; a foolish figure,
 But farewell it; for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect defective, comes by cause,

* well-look'd.

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Thus it remains, and the remainder thus—Perpend—
 I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine,
 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and surmise.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
 Ophelia.—That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beauti-
 fied is a vile phrase; but you shall hear—These to her
 excellent white bosom, these——*

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?

POL. Good madam stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.]

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt, I love.

*Oh dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not
 art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh
 most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
 this Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
 And more above, hath his sollicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

KING. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

POL. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

POL. I would fain prove so. But what might you
 When I had seen his hot love on the wing, [think?
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
 Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 Or given my heart working, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
 What might you think? no, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
 Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere,
 This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
 And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
 Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
 Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
 Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we wail for.

KING. Do you think this?

QUEEN. It may be very likely. [that,

POL. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know
 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

KING. Not that I know.

POL. Take † this from this, if this be otherwise;
 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the center.

KING. How may we try it further?

POL. You know sometimes he walks four hours
 together,
 Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he does indeed.

POL. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,
 Be you and I behind an arras then,
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

† pointing to his head and shoulder.

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And be not from his reason faln thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.

KING. We will try it.

S C E N E V.

Enter HAMLET reading.

QUEEN. But look where, sadly, the poor wretch
 comes reading.

POL. Away, I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*]

Oh give me leave. How does my good lord Hamlet?

HAM. Well, God-a-mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord.

HAM. Excellent well; y' are a fishmonger?

POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord?

HAM. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this world goes,
 is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

POL. That's very true, my lord.

HAM. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
 Being a good kissing carrion——

Have you a daughter?

POL. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i'th' sun; conception is a
 blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive.
 Friend, look to't.

POL. How say you by that? still harping on my
 daughter——

Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmon-
 ger.

He is far gone; and truly in my youth, [*aside.*]
 I suffered much extremity for love;

Very near this. I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words.

POL. What is the matter, my lord?

HAM. Between whom?

POL. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAM. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plumtree-gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, tho' I most powerfully and potently believe, yet hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: for yourself, Sir, shall be as old as I-am, if like a crab you could go backward.

POL. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't:

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed that is out o'th'air:

How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are?

A happiness that often madness hits on,

Which sanity and reason could not be

So prosperously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him and my daughter.

My honourable lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools.

POL. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is.

[Exit.

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S C E N E VI.

Enter ROSINCROSSE and GUILDENSTERN.

ROS. God save you, Sir.

GUILD. Mine honour'd lord!

ROS. My most dear lord!

HAM. My excellent good friends! how dost thou
Guildenstern?

Oh, Rosincrosse, good lads! how do ye both?

ROS. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUIL. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on
fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shooe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then you live about her waste, or in the
middle of her favours?

GUIL. Faith, in her privates we.

HAM. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most
true; she is a strumpet. What news?ROS. None, my lord, but that the world's grown
honest.HAM. Then is dooms-day near; but your news
is not true. † Let me question more in particu-
lar: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the
hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUIL. Prison, my lord!

HAM. Denmark's a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one, in which there are many con-
fines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o'th'
worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

HAM. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is no-

† From this mark, several speeches are not in the old edition.

thing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

ROS. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

HAM. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUIL. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAM. A dream it self is but a shadow.

ROS. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAM. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars shadows: Shall we to th' court? for by my fay, I cannot reason.

BOTH. We'll wait upon you.

HAM. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinoor?

ROS. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

HAM. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

GUIL. What should we say, my lord?

HAM. Any thing but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

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ROS. To what end, my lord ?

HAM. That you must teach me ; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal ; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no ?

ROS. What say you ?

HAM. Nay then I have an eye of you : if you love me, hold not off.

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise ; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire ; why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a God ! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals ! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me ; nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROS. My lord there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAM. Why did you laugh, when I said, man delights not me ?

ROS. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall re-

ceive from you ; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAM. He that plays the King shall be welcome ; his majesty shall have tribute of me ; the adventurous knight shall use his foyle and target ; the lover shall not sigh *gratis* ; the humorous man shall end his part in peace ; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they ?

ROS. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

HAM. How chances it they travel ? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

ROS. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAM. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? are they so follow'd ?

ROS. No indeed, they are not.

HAM. How comes it ? do they grow rusty ?

ROS. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace ; but there is, Sir, an † Airy of Children, little yafes, that cry out on the top of question ; and are most tyrannically clapt for't ; these are now the fashion, and so be-rattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

HAM. What, are they children ? who maintains 'em ? how are they escoted ? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing ? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better :) their writers do them wrong to make them ex-

† Relating to the playhouses then contending, the Bankside, the Fortune, &c. — played by the children of his majesty's chapel.

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claim against their own succession ?

ROS. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides ; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversie. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

HAM. Is't possible ?

GUIL. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAM. Do the boys carry it away ?

ROS. Ay, that they do, my lord, Hercules and his load too.

HAM. It is not strange ; for mine uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would makes mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish for the players.*]

GUIL. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elfinoor ; your hands : come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

GUIL. In what, my dear lord ?

HAM. I am but mad north, north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

S C E N E VII.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAM. Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer ; that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

ROS. Haply he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it, you say right, Sir ; for on Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome——

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buzze, buzze.

POL. Upon mine honour——

HAM. Then came each actor on his ass——

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of wit, and the liberty. These are the only men.

HAM. *Oh Jephta, judge of Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou !

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord ?

HAM. *Why one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

POL. Still on my daughter.

HAM. Am I not i'th' right, old Jephta ?

POL. If you call me Jephta, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows then, my lord ?

HAM. *Why as by lot, God wot——*and then you know, *it came to pass, as most like it was ;* the first row

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of the † *rubrick* will shew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five players.

Y^e are welcome masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is || valanc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What my young lady and mistress? berlady your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a ‡ chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like § friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I PLAY. What speech, my good lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas Caviar to the general; but it was, (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cryed in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no * salt in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of † af-

† *Rubrick.* It is Pons chansons in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence call'd Pons chansons. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs.

|| *valiant.* ‡ *Chioppine, a high-heel'd shoe, or a slipper.*

§ *french.* * *fallet.* † *or passion, affectus.* This whole speech of Hamlet is purely ironical, he seems to commend this play, to expose the bombaste of it; who was its author is not come to my knowledge.

fection; but call'd it, an honest method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see—The rugged Pyrrhus like th' Hyrcanian beast. It is not so—it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose fable arms
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impast with the parching * fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old granfire Priam seeks.

POL. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

I PLAY. Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at Greeks. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,

* *streets.*

Which was
Of rev'rend
So as a pain
And like a
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But as we
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The bold v
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HAM.
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* *I*

Which was declining on the milky head
 Of rev'rend Priam, seem'd i'th' air to stick :
 So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
 And like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.
 But as we often see against some storm,
 A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death : anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region. So after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A rowed vengeance sets him new a-work,
 And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
 On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.——
 Out, out, thou strumpet-fortune ! all you gods,
 In general synod take away her power :
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
 As low as to the fiends.

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to th' barber's with your beard.
 Pr'ythee say on ; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,
 or he sleeps. Say on, come to Hecuba.

I PLAY. But who, oh who, had seen the * mobled
 Queen ?

HAM. The mobled Queen ?

POL. That's good ; mobled Queen, is good.

I PLAY. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening
 the flames

With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head,
 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe

* In the first folio edition, it is th' enobled Queen.

About her lank and all o'er-teemed loyns,
 A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd.
 But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
 The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 (Unless things mortal move them not at all)
 Would have made * melt the burning eyes of heaven
 And passion in the gods.

POL. Look if he has not turn'd his colour, as
 has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

HAM. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest
 of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the play
 well bestow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well us'd
 for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the
 time. After your death, you were better have a bad
 epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

POL. My lord, I will use them according to the
 desert.

HAM. Gods bodikins man, much better. Use
 every man after his desert, and who shall fear
 whipping? use them after your own honour and dig-
 nity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in
 your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, Sirs.

[Exit Polonius]

HAM. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-
 morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play
 the murder of Gonzago?

PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could

* *milch*.

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 HAM.
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HAM.
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for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could ye not!

PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you till night, you are welcome to Elsinoor.

ROS. Good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet HAMLET.

HAM. Ay so, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.

Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That from her working, all his visage warm'd:

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?

For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her? what would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,

Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed

The very faculty of eyes and ears.——

* Yet I say nothing; no, not for a King,

* Yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled rascal peak

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing ——

Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crofs,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 'Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i' th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 * Yet I should take it——for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, litcherous, kindless villain!
 Why what an afs am I? this is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab——
 A † scullion!——fye upon't! foh!——about my
 brain!——

I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil, and the devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps

* *Ha! why should I take it?*

† *scullion.*

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Out of my weaknefs and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with fuch fpirits)
 Abufes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the confcience of the King. [*Exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The P A L A C E.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, RO-
 SINCROSSE, GUILDENSTERN, and Lords.*

K I N G.

AND can you by no drift of * conference
 Get from him why he puts on this † confufion,
 Grating fo harfhly all his days of quiet,
 With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

ROS. He does confefs he feels himfelf diftracted;
 But from what caufe he will by no means fpeak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be founded;
 But with a crafty madnefs keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to fome confeffion
 Of his true ftate.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROS. Moft like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his difpofition.

ROS. Niggard of queftion, but of our demands
 Moft free in his reply.

QUEEN. Did you affay him to any paftime?

ROS. Madam, it fo fell out, that certain players

* *circumftance.*† *confeffion.*

We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him;
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it: they are about the court,
 And (as I think) they have already order
 This night to play before him.

POL. 'Tis most true:
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord.

[*Exit*]

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
 Affront Ophelia. Her father, and my self,
 Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing unseen
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behaved,
 If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
 That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:
 And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness. So I hope your virtues
 May bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may.

POL. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you
 We will bestow ourselves: read on this book;
 That shew of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,

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'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

KING. Oh 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
[*aside.*

The harlot's cheek beautied with plastring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burden!

POL. I hear him coming, let's withdraw my lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*

S C E N E II.

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. To be, or not to be? that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a * sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—to
To sleep? perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

* Perhaps siege, which continues the metaphor of slings, arrows, taking arms; and represents the being encompass'd on all sides with troubles.

Th' oppressor's wrong, the † proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes ;
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ?
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all :
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn ‡ awry
 And lose the name of action.——Soft you now,

[Seeing Oph.

The fair Ophelia ? nymph, in thy oraisons
 Be all my sins remembred.

OPH. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day ?

HAM. I humbly thank you ; well,——

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed much to re-deliver.

I pray you now receive them.

HAM. No, I never gave you ought. [did,

OPH. My honour'd lord, I know right well you
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich ; that perfume lost,
 Take these again ; for to the noble mind

† poor.

‡ away.

Rich gift

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OPH.

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Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

OPH. My lord ——

HAM. Are you fair ?

OPH. What means your lordship ?

HAM. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?

HAM. Ay truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd ; than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometimes a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so * innoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. † I lov'd you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heav'n and earth ? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us —— Go thy ways to a nunnery —— Where's your father ?

OPH. At home, my lord.

* evacuate in the first edition. † I did love you once.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

OPH. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns !

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny——Get thee to a nunnery,——farewel——Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them——To a nunnery go——and quickly too : farewel.

OPH. Heav'nly powers ! restore him.

HAM. I have heard of your * painting too, well enough : God has given you one † face, and you make your self another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.]

OPH. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtiers, soldiers, scholars, eye, tongue, sword !
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the hony of his musick vows :
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasie. Oh woe is me !
T'have seen what I have seen ; see what I see.

* prattling.

† paces.

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S C E N E III.

Enter KING and POLONIUS.

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
 Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy fits on brood,
 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
 Will be some danger, which how to prevent,
 I have in quick determination
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute :
 Haply the seas and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something fettled matter in his heart ;
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

POL. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of this grief
 Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia,
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said,
 We heard it all. My lord, do as you please ;
 But if you hold it fit after the play,
 Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his griefs ; let her be round with him :
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conf'rence. If she find him not,
 To England send him ; or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

KING. It shall be so :
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exe.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter HAMLET, and two or three of the Players.

HAM. Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 VOL. VIII.

it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mount it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air to much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb-shows, and noise: I could have such a fellow whip for o'er-doing termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

PLAY. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preface. Now this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'er-sway a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely) that neither having the accent of Christian nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, * or man, have fo-

* or Norman.

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strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

PLAY. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

HAM. Oh reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: That's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSINCROSSE, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

POL. And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* Polonius.

Will you two help to hasten them?

BOTH. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter HORATIO to HAMLET.

HAM. What ho, Horatio?

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation coap'd withal.

HOR. Oh my dear lord——

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits

To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing.
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core : ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.——Something too much of this.——
 There is a play to-night before the King,
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 E'en with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe mine uncle : if his occult guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen :
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's * stithy. Give him heedful note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 And after we will both our judgments join,
 To censure of his seeming.

HOR. Well, my lord.

If he steal ought the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

* Stithy, a smith's anvil.

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S C E N E VI.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSSINCROSSE, GUILDENSTERN, and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.

HAM. They're coming to the play; I must be idle.
Get you a place.

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAM. Excellent i' faith, of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet, these words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine——Now, my lord, you plaid once i'th' university, you say? [To Polonius.

POL. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact Julius Caesar, I was kill'd i'th' capitol: Brutus kill'd me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

ROS. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

QUEEN. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAM. No, good mother, here's mettle more at-

POL. Oh ho, do you mark that? [traotive.

HAM. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.

OPH. No, my lord.

HAM. Do you think I meant country matters?

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's

OPH. What is, my lord? [legs.

HAM. Nothing.

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Oh God, your only jig-maker; what should a man do, but be merry: For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

OPH. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but by'r-lady he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

S C E N E VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and Exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woes the Queen with gifts. She seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.

[Exeunt.

OPH. What means this, my lord?

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HAM. Marry this is miching Malicho, that means mischief.

OPH. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play?

HAM. We shall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

OPH. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

HAM. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPH. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

OPH. 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

Enter KING and QUEEN, Players.

KING. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' car gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed shine
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

QUEEN. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
And womens fear and love hold quantity,

'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.

KING. Faith I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

QUEEN. Oh confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

HAM. Wormwood, wormwood!

QUEEN. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

KING. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, and 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

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Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;

The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies:

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown,

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

QUEEN. Nor earth to give me food, nor heav'n light,

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night;

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife!

If once a widow, ever I be wife.

HAM. If she should break it now——

KING. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here

a while,

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep.

[Sleeps.]

QUEEN. Sleep rock thy brain,

And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

HAM. Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN. The lady protests too much, methinks.

HAM. Oh but she'll keep her word.

KING. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

HAM. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th' world.

KING. What do you call the play?

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K

HAM. The *Mouse-trap*. Marry how? tropically. This play is the image of a murther done in Vienna; Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife Baptista; you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o'that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love; if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAM. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

OPH. Still worse and worse.

HAM. So you must take your husbands.

Begin murtherer. Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUC. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate season, else no creature seeing:

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property.

On wholesome life usurp immediately,

[Pours the poison in his ear.]

HAM. He poysons him i'th' garden for's estate; his name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPH. The King rises.

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POL. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light. Away.

ALL. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Excunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Manent HAMLET and HORATIO.

HAM. Why let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play :

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep ;

So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two provincial roses on my * rayed shooes, get me a fellowship in a † city of players, Sir ?

HOR. Half a share.

HAM. A whole one I.

For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

A very very ‡ peacock.

HOR. You might have rim'd.

HAM. Oh good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive ?

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning ?

HOR. I did very well note him.

Enter ROSINCROSSE and GUILDENSTERN.

HAM. Oh, ha ! come some musick. Come the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy ;

Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

* rack'd, rac'd.

† cry.

‡ pajock. This alludes to a Fable, of the Birds chusing a King ; instead of the Eagle, a Peacock.

Come, some musick.

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir a whole history.

GUIL. The King, Sir——

HAM. Ay Sir, what of him?

GUIL. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd——

HAM. With drink, Sir?

GUIL. No, my lord, with choler.

HAM. Your wisdom should shew itself more rich to signifie this to his doctor: for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

GUIL. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

GUIL. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsom answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

GUIL. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholsom answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather as you say, my mother—therefore no more but to the matter——my mother, you say——

ROS. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

HAM. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a

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mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

HAM. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in Denmark?

HAM. Ay, but while the grass grows—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh the recorders, let me see one. To withdraw with you—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUIL. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easie as lying; govern these ventrils with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utter-

rance of harmony, I have not the skill.

HAM. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blefs you, Sir.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a Camel?

POL. By the mass, and it's like a Camel indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like an † Ouzle.

POL. It is black like an Ouzle.

HAM. Or like a Whale?

POL. Very like a Whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by and by—they fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

POL. I will say so.

HAM. By and by is easily said. Leave, me friends.

[Exeunt.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
blood,

† *An Ouzle or Blackbird; it has been printed by mistake a Weefel, which is not black.*

And do such bitter business as the day
 Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
 Oh heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites! *[Exit.*

S C E N E IX.

Enter KING, ROSINCROSSE, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness rage. Therefore prepare you;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.
 The terms of our estate may not endure
 Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunacies.

GUILD. We will provide our selves;
 Most holy and religious fear it is,
 To keep those many bodies safe, that live
 And feed upon your majesty.

ROS. The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from noyance; but much more,
 That spirit, on whose * weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The decease of majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
 Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boistrous ruin. Ne'er alone
 Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

* *spirit.*

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

BOTH. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Gent.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my self
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
(Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

[*Exit.*]

KING. Thanks, dear my lord.

' Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
' It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
' A brother's murder. Pray I cannot,
' Though inclination be as sharp as will:
' My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
' And like a man to double business bound,
' I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
' And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
' Were thicker than it self with brother's blood?
' Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
' To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
' But to confront the visage of offence?
' And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
' To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
' Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up.
' My fault is past. But oh what form of prayer
' Can serve my turn; Forgive me my foul murder!
' That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
' Of those effects for which I did the murder,

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Mycrown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, we ourselves compell'd
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 'To give in evidence.' What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged! help angels, make assay!
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. [The King kneels.]

S C E N E X.

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't—and so he goes to heav'n,
 And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd,—
 A villain kills my father, and for that
 I, his sole son, do this same villain fend
 To heav'n—O this is † hire and fallery, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown, as § flush as May;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,

† base and silly, Ed. prim.

§ fresh.

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For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

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(Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
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' That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
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 • In the corrupted currents of this world,
 • Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 • And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
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 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown, as § flush as May;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,

† base and silly, *Ed. prim.*

§ fresh.

To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid * time:
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
 This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. *[Exit.]*

KING. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 Words, without thoughts, never to heav'n go. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E XI.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

POL. He will come straight; look you lay home
 to him,

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your grace hath screen'd, and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
 Pray you be round.

QUEEN. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
 Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.]

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now, mother, what's the matter? *[ed.]*

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offend-

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle
 tongue.

* bent.

HAM. Go, go, you question with † a wicked tongue.

QUEEN. Why how now, Hamlet ?

HAM. What's the matter now ?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me ?

HAM. No, by the rood, not so ;

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can
speak. [not budge :

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not mur-
ther me ?

Help, ho.

POL. What ho, help. [Behind the Arras.

HAM. How now, a rat ? dead for a ducate, dead.

POL. Oh I am slain. [Ham. kills Polonius.

QUEEN. Oh me, what hast thou done ?

HAM. Nay I know not : is it the King ?

QUEEN. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

HAM. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN. As kill a King ?

HAM. Ay lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
[To Polonius.

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune ;

Thou find'st, to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

† an idle.

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

HAM. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sits a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers oaths. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this solidity and compound mass,
With triffling visage as against the doom.
'Tis thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

HAM. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeited presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heav'n-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This *was* your husband.--Look you now what follows,
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?

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You cannot call it love ; for at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this ? what devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind ?
 O shame ! where is thy blush ? rebellious hell,
 If thou can'st mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,
 And reason * pardons will.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots
 As will not leave their tinct.

HAM. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
 Over the nasty sty.

QUEEN. Oh speak no more,
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAM. A murderer, and a villain !
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord. A vice of Kings,
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

A King of shreds and patches——

Save me ! and hover o'er me with your wings

[*Starting up.*

* or, *panders*.

You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

QUEEN. Alas he's mad.

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O say.—

GHOST. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, † like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him! on him! -- look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

QUEEN. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

† *The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation: yet those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c.*

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear ?

QUEEN. No, nothing but our selves.

HAM. Why look you there ? look how it steels
away!

My father in his habit as he lived !

Look where he goes ev'n now out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost.

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation ecstasie
Is very cunning in.

HAM. What ecstasie ?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption * running all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to heav'n,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursie times,
Virtue it self of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, † courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.

QUEEN. Oh Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

HAM. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night ; but go not to mine uncle's bed.

* mining, edit. prim. † courb, to stoop or bend down.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;
 That to the use of actions fair and good,
 He likewise gives a frock or livery
 That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night,
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence ; the next more easie ;
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius*]

I do repent : but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him ; so again, good night.
 I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

QUEEN. What shall I do ?

HAM. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
 † Let the fond King tempt you again to bed,
 Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
 And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.

† *In the old edition it is, Let the blote King-----the word signifies fond, or puff'd up, or full-blooded, robore suffusus, Skinner.*

For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wife,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
 And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
 What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to England, you know that?

QUEEN. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

† HAM. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-
 fellows,

(Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,)
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
 And marshal me to knavery: let it work——
 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
 Hoist with his own petar: an't shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at moon. O 'tis most sweet
 When in one line two crafts directly meet!
 This man shall set me packing;
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
 Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, mother. [*Exit Ham. tugging in Polonius.*]

† The ten following verses are added out of the old edition.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*A Royal Apartment.**Enter KING and QUEEN.*

K I N G.

THere's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves

You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

QUEEN. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-
night?

KING. What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,

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Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

KING. Oh Gertrude, come away :

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance, and excuse. Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter ROSINCROSSE and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you haste in this.

[*Ex. Ros. and Guil.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Safely stowed——

Gentlemen within. Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !

HAM. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ?

Oh here they come.

Enter ROSINCROSSE and GUILDENSTERN.

ROS. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body ?

HAM. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROS. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

ROS. Believe what ?

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what re-

plication should be made by the son of a King ?

ROS. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

HAM. Ay, Sir, that fokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities ; but such officers do the King best service in the end ; he keeps them like * an apple in the corner of his jaw ; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd : when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROS. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it ; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

ROS. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

HAM. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

GUIL. A thing, my lord ?

HAM. Of nothing : bring me to him, hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter KING.

KING. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body ;
How dang'rous is it that this man goes loose !
Yet must not we put the strong law on him ;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth,
This sudden sending him away, must seem
Deliberate pause : diseases desp'rate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

* *ape.*

Or not at all.

Enter ROSINCROSSE.

How now ? what hath befall'n ?

ROS. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

KING. But where is he ?

ROS. Without, my lord, guarded to know your
pleasure.

KING. Bring him before us.

ROS. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

KING. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper ? where ?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten,
a certain convocation of politique worms are at him.
Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat
all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for
maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but
variable service, two dishes to one table, that's the
end.

KING. Alas, alas !

HAM. † A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a King, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that
worm.

KING. What dost thou mean by this ?

HAM. Nothing but to shew you how a King may
go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

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senger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place
your self. But indeed, if you find him not this month,

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senger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place
your self. But indeed, if you find him not this month,

† added from the old edit.

you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there.

HAM. He will stay till ye come.

KING. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done) must send thee hence
With fiery quickness; then prepare thy self,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

HAM. For England?

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good.

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come,
for England! farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. My mother: father and mother is man and
wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
Come, for England. [Exit.]

KING. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed
aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.
And England! if my love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to' us; thou may'st not coldly † let
Our sovereign process, which imports at full

† let or retard.

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By letters ‡ congruing to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it England:
 For like the hestick in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me; 'till I know tis done,
 How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

A C A M P.

Enter FORTINBRAS *with an army.*

FOR. Go, captain, from me, greet the Danish King,
 Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his realm. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would ought with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

CAPT. I will do't, my lord.

FOR. Go softly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras.

Enter HAMLET, ROSINCROSSE, &c.

HAM. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

CAPT. They are of Norway, Sir.

HAM. How * purpos'd Sir, I pray you?

CAPT. Against some part of Poland.

HAM. Who commands them, Sir?

CAPT. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
 Or for some frontier?

CAPT. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground
 That hath in it no profit but the name.
 To pay five ducats, five I would not farm it,

‡ conjuring.

* propos'd.

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be * fold in fee.

HAM. Why then the Polacke never will defend it.

CAPT. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

HAM. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw ;
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

CAPT. God b'w'ye, Sir.

ROS. Will't please you go, my lord ?

HAM. I'll be with you, go a little before. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet HAMLET.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge ? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wis-
dom,
And ever three parts coward :) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me ;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,

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Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Ev'n for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then;
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood)
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a spot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O then from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

S C E N E V.

A Palace.

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a GENTLEMAN.

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

GENT. She is importunate,
 Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN. What would she have?

GENT. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
 There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her
 heart,

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
 That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think there might be thought;
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HOR. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she
may strow

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in——

QUEEN. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter OPHELIA distracted.

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia?

OPH. *How should I your true love know from another
one?*

By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon.

[Singing.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this
song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you mark.
*He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

Enter KING.

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia——

OPH. Pray you mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPH. *Larded with sweet flowers:*

*Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

KING. How do ye, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God dil'd you. They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber-door;*

Let in a maid, that out a maid never departed more.

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed? without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;

Alack, and fie for shame,

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed:

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING. How long hath she been thus?

OPH. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach; good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [Exit.]

KING. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you;

This is the poison of deep grief, it springs

All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions. First, her father slain,
 Next your son gone, and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove, the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death. We've done but greenly,
 In private to inter him; poor Ophelia
 Divided from her self, and her fair judgment,
 (Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts :)
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France,
 Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of nature beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering piece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous death! [*A noise within.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter a MESSENGER.

KING. Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

MES. Save your self, my lord.
 The ocean over-peering of his list
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord,
 And as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every word;
 They cry, chuse we Laertes for our King.

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Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds.

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King

QUEEN. How chearfully on the false trail the cry,
Oh this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

[*Noise within.*]

Enter LAERTES.

KING. The doors are broke.

LAER. Where is the King? Sirs! stand you all with-

ALL. No, let's come in.

[*out.*]

LAER. I pray you give me leave.

ALL. We will, we will.

LAER. I thank you; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims
me bastard,

Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here between the chaste and unsmich'd brow

Of my true mother.

KING. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a King

That reason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of it's will. Tell me, Laertes,

Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, Gertrude.

Speak man.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit;

I dare damnation ; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you ?

LAER. My will, not all the world's.
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes :
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, in your revenge,
(That sweep-stake,) you will draw both friend and
foe,
Winner and loser.

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them then ?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms,
And like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. *[A Noise within.]*

S C E N E VII.

*Enter OPHELIA fantastically dress'd with straws and
flowers.*

LAER. Let her come in. How now ? what noise
is that ?

O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and vertue of mine eye.

By heav'n
'Till our
Dear ma
O heav'n
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OPH.
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OPH.
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LAER.
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OPH.
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* Or, per
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By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind filter, sweet Ophelia!

O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

* Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

OPH. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well, my dove.*

LAER. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade re-
venge, it could not move thus.

OPH. You must sing, down a-down, and you call
him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it? it is
the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing's more than matter.

OPH. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray love remember; and there's pansies, that's for
thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness, thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

OPH. There's fennel for you, and columbines;
there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may
call it herb of grace a Sundays: you may wear your
rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give
you some violets, but they withered all when my fa-
ther dy'd: they say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

* Or, perhaps,

Nature is fire in love, and where 'tis fire

It sends some precious incense of itself

After the thing it loves.

LAER. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell it self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

OPH. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he's dead, go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his pole :

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away none,

Gramercy on his soul

And of all christian souls, ! God b'w'ye. [*Exit Oph.*]

LAER. Do you see this, you Gods !

KING. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right : go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'wixt you and me ;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

LAER. Let this be so,
His means of death, his obscure funeral ;
No trophy sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation ;
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I must call in question.

KING. So you shall :
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

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S C E N E VIII.

Enter HORATIO, with an attendant.

HOR. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they say they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in.

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter SAILORS.

SAIL. God blefs you, Sir.

HOR. Let him blefs thee too.

SAIL. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HOR. reads the letter.

' **H**ORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd
' this, give these fellows some means to the
' King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two
' days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment
' gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we
' put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I board-
' ed them: on the instant they got clear of our ship,
' so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt
' with me, like thieves of mercy, but they knew what
' they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the
' King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to
' me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death.
' I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee
' dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter.
' These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Ro-
' sincrofs and Guildenstern hold their course for En-
' gland. Of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter KING, and LAERTES.

KING. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

LAER. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

KING. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
My virtue or my plague, be't either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul;
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So my arrows
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAER. And so have I a noble father lost,

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LAER
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A sister driven into desperate terms,
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections——But revenge will come.

KING. Break not your sleeps for that, you must
 not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
 I lov'd your father, and we love your self,
 And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

KING. From Hamlet? who brought them?

MES. Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not:
 They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

KING. Laertes, you shall hear them, leave us, all--

[Exit Mes.]

' High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked
 ' on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see
 ' your kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking you
 ' pardon thereunto, recount th' occasion of my sud-
 ' den return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
 Or is it some abuse—and no such things?

LAER. Know you the hand?

KING. 'Tis Hamlet's character;
 Naked, and (in a postscript here, he says)
 Alone: can you advise me?

LAER. I'm lost in it, my lord; but let him come,
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,
 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
 Thus diddest thou.

KING. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

LAER. I, so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

LAER. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the instrument.

KING. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAER. What part is that, my lord?

KING. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy;
I've seen my self and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-back; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd

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With the brave beast ; so far he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

LAER. A Norman was't ?

KING. A Norman.

LAER. Upon my life, Lamond.

KING. The very fame.

LAER. I know him well, he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

KING. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence ;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

LAER. What out of this, my lord ?

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

LAER. Why ask you this ?

KING. Not that I think you did not love your fa-
ther,

But that I know love is begun by time ;
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it :
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness growing to a pleurisie,
Dies in his own too much ; what we would do,

We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift's sigh
That hurts by easing ; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer—
Hamlet comes back ; what would you undertake
To shew your self your father's son indeed,
More than in words ?

LAER. To cut his throat i'th' church.

KING. No place indeed should murder sanctuarise ;
Revenge should have no bounds ; but, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber ?
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword † unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do't ;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword :
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal ; I'll touch my point

† That is, not blunted, as foils are. Or as one edition has it
embaited or envenomed.

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With this contagion, if I gall him slightly
It may be death.

KING. Let's farther think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning's,
I ha't—when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th' end,
And that he calls for drink ; I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen ?

S C E N E X.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow : your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAER. Drown'd ! oh where ?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream :
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious sliker broke ;
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping brook ; her cloaths spread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up ;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native, and indew'd
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAER. Alas then, she is drown'd !

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
lia,

And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone,
The woman will be out : adieu, my lord,
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.]

KING. Follow, Gertrude :

How much had I to do to calm his rage ?
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A C H U R C H.

Enter two CLOWNS, with spades and mattocks.

I C L O W N.

IS she to be buried in christian burial, that willful-
ly seeks her own salvation ?

2 CLOWN. I tell thee, she is ; therefore make
her grave streight, the crowner hath fate on her, and
finds it christian burial.

I CLOWN. How can that be, unless she drown'd
her self in her own defence ?

2 CLOWN. Why 'tis found so.

1 CLOWN. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 CLOWN. Nay, but hear you, goodman Delver.

1 CLOWN. Give me leave; here lyes the water, good: here stands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 CLOWN. But is this law?

[Exit. 1 CLOWN. Ay marry is't, crowners quest law.

2 CLOWN. Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she shou'd have been buried out of christian burial.

[Exeunt. 1 CLOWN. Why there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than other christians. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLOWN. Was he a gentleman?

1 CLOWN. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 CLOWN. Why, he had none.

1 CLOWN. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the scripture? the scripture says, Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self——

2 CLOWN. Go to.

1 CLOWN. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter?

2 CLOWN. The gallows maker, for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 CLOWN. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 CLOWN. Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship-wright, or a carpenter?——

1 CLOWN. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 CLOWN. Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLOWN. To't.

2 CLOWN. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO at a distance.

1 CLOWN. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull afs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker. The houses he makes, last 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to Youghan, fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.

He digs and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet;

To contract oh the time for a my behove,

Oh methought there was nothing meet.

HAM. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

HOR. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

HAM. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch :
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I ne'er had been such.*

HAM. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! this might be the pate of a politician which this ass † o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier, which could say, good-morrow sweet lord; how dost thou, good lord? this might be my lord such a one, that prais'd my lord such a ones horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

HAM. Why e'en so: and now my lady Worm's, chopplefs, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to fee't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and, a shrouding sheet!
O, a pit of clay, for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

HAM. There's another: why may not that be the cull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quilllets? his cases? his tenures, and his tricks? why

† In one edition o'er-reaches.

does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay my lord, and of calf-skins too.

HAM. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, firrah?

CLOWN. Mine, Sir——

*O, a pit of clay for to be made,
For such a ghost is meet.*

HAM. I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

CLOWN. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

CLOWN. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

CLOWN. For no man, Sir.

HAM. What woman then?

CLOWN. For none neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in't ?

CLOWN. One that was a woman, Sir ; but rest her soul, she's dead.

HAM. How absolute the knave is ? we must speak by the card, or equivocation will follow us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

CLOWN. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAM. How long is that since ?

CLOWN. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that : it was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and sent to England.

HAM. Ay marry, why was he sent into England ?

CLOWN. Why, because he was mad ; he shall recover his wits there ; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAM. Why ?

CLOWN. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad ?

CLOWN. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely ?

CLOWN. 'Faith e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground ?

CLOWN. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot ?

CLOWN. I 'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarces now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight

year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

HAM. Why he, more than another?

CLOWN. Why Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

HAM. Whose was it?

CLOWN. A whorson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

CLOWN. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

CLOWN. E'en that.

HAM. Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that—pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i'th' earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so, puh? [*Smelling to the scull.*]

HOR.

HAM.

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LAER.

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HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HOR. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperial Caesar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expell the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft a while—here comes the king.

S C E N E II.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, and a coffin, with
Lords and Priests attendant.*

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
For-do its own life; 'twas of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

LAER. What ceremony else?

HAM. That is Laertes, a most noble youth: mark—

LAER. What ceremony else?

PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

'Till the last trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LEAR. Must no more be done ?

PRIEST. No more be done :

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing a Requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAER. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

HAM. What, the fair Ophelia !

QUEEN. Sweets to the sweet, farewell !

I hop'd thou would'st have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAER. O treble woe.

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my arms,

[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAM. [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose
griefs

Bear such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

LAER. The devil take thy soul ! [*Grappling with him.*]

HAM. Thou pray'st not well.

I pry'thee take thy fingers from my throat—

For though I am not splenative and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING. Pluck them afunder—

QUEEN. Hamlet, Hamlet—

HOR. Good my lord be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*]

HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

QUEEN. Oh my son ! what theme ?

HAM. I lov'd Ophelia ; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love

Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her ?

KING. O he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN. For love of God forbear him.

HAM. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep ? woo't fight ? woo't fast ? woo't tear
thyself ?

Woo't drink up Esill, eat a crocodile ?

I'll do't. Dost thou come hither but to whine ;

To out-face me with leaping in her grave ?

Be buried quick with her ; and so will I ;

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning zone,

Make Offa like a wart ! nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

KING. This is mere madness ;

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And thus a while the fit will work on him :
 Anon as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will fit drooping.

H A M. Hear you Sir——

What is the reason that you us'd me thus ?
 I lov'd you ever ; but it is no matter——

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *[Exit.*

K I N G. I pray you good Horatio, wait upon him.
[Exit Hor.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.
[To Laertes.

We'll put the matter to the present push.
 Good Gertrude set some watch over your son.
 This grave shall have a living monument.
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
 'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A H A L L.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

H A M. So much for this, now shall you see the other.
 You do remember all the circumstance.

H O R. Remember it, my lord ?

H A M. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
 That would not let me sleep ; methought I lay
 Worse than the mutineers in bilboes ; rashness
 (And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us,
 There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

H O R. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
 Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
 To mine own room again, making so bold
 (My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
 Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,
 A royal knavery; an exact command,
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 (With ho! such buggs and goblins in my life,)
 That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
 No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
 My head should be struck off.

HOR. Is't possible?

HAM. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
 But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HOR. I beseech you.

HAM. Being thus benetted round with villains,
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play. I fate me down,
 Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
 (I once did hold it as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair; and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service) wilt thou know
 Th' effect of what I wrote?

HOR. Ay, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,
 As England was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
 And many such like As's of great charge;

That on the view and knowing these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No thriving time allow'd.

HOR. How was this seal'd?

HAM. Why ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The change was never known: now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

HOR. So, Guildenstern and Rosincrosse go to't.

HAM. They are not near my conscience; their
defeat

Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HOR. Why, what a king is this?

HAM. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HOR. It must be shortly known to him from Eng-
land,

What is the issue of the business there.

HAM. It will be short.

The Interim's mine, and a man's life's no more

Than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The pourtraiture of his; I'll court his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

HOR. Peace, who comes here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter OSRICK.

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAM. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water-fly?

HOR. No, my good lord.

HAM. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess; 'tis a chough; but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSR. Sweet lord, if your * lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

OSR. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry, as

* *Friendship.*

'twere, I cannot tell how : —— My lord, his majesty bid me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head ; Sir, this is the matter——

HAM. I beseech you remember——

OSR. Nay in good faith, for mine ease in good faith : Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

HAM. What's his weapon ?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That's two of his weapons ; but well.

OSR. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so : three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAM. What call you the carriages ?

OSR. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

HAM. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides ; I would it might be hangers 'till then. But on ; six Barbary horses, against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the French bett against the Danish ; why is this impon'd, as you call it ?

OSR. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How if I answer no ?

OSR. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

HAM.

his majesty
let the foil
the King
can : if no
odd hits.

OSR. S.

HAM.
nature will

OSR. I

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HOR. T
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HAM. H
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LORD. M
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HAM. I a
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LORD. T
down.

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall ; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose ; I will win for him if I can : if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

OSR. Shall I deliver you so ?

HAM. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

OSR. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

HAM. Yours, yours ; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

HOR. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAM. He did so with his dug before he suck'd it : thus has he (and many more of the same * breed that I know the droffy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a lord.

LORD. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall ; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time ?

HAM. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure ; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

* bevy, vet. edit.

HAM. In happy time.

LORD. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

HAM. She well instructs me.

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord.

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of † misgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

S C E N E V.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES and lords, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

HAM. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong,

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard How I am punished with sore distraction.

† game-giving, gain-giving.

What I ha
That migh
Roughly a
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Then Han
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LAER.
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HAM. I
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LAER.

HAM. I
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Stick fiery c

LAER.

What I have done

That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet do's it not; Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my † brother.

LAER. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAM. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

LAER. Come, one for me.

HAM. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

LAER. You mock me, Sir.

† mother.

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HAM. No, by this hand.

KING. Give them the foils, young Ofriek.
Hamlet, you know the wager.

HAM. Well, my lord,
Your grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

KING. I do not fear it, I have seen you both ;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

LAER. This is too heavy, let me see another.

HAM. This likes me well ; these foils have all a
length ? *[Prepares to play.]*

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table :
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an * Onyx shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the canoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, Sir.

LAER. Come, my lord.

[They play.]

HAM. One——

LAER. No——

HAM. Judgment.

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAER. Well—again——

KING. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl
is thine,

* Union.

Here's to

HAM.

Come—a

LAER.

KING.

QUEEN

Here, Ham

The Quee

HAM.

KING.

QUEEN

KING.

HAM.

QUEEN

LAER.

KING.

LAER.

HAM. C

I pray you

I am afraid

LAER.

OSR. N

LAER.

[La

ch

KING.

HAM. M

OSR. L

HOR. T

lord :

OSR. H

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, Shot goes off.*]

HAM. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[*They play.*]

Come—another hit—what say you?

LAER. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows,

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAM. Good madam——

KING. Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN. I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

KING. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [*Aside.*]

HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by.

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAER. I'll hit him now.

KING. I do not think't.

LAER. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

HAM. Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

LAER. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*]

OSR. Nothing neither way.

LAER. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

KING. Part them, they are incens'd.

HAM. Nay, come again——

OSR. Look to the Queen there, ho!

HOR. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?

OSR. How is't, Laertes?

LAER. Why, as a woodcock to my own sprindge,
Ofrick.

I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the Queen?

KING. She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear Hamlet, the drink, the drink,——
I am poison'd—— *[Queen dies.]*

HAM. Oh villany! hoe! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out——

LAER. It is here. Hamlet, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
* Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more—the King, the King's to blame.

HAM. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom to thy work. *[Stabs the king.]*

ALL. Treason, treason.

KING. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

HAM. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion: is † the onyx here?
Follow my mother. *[King dies.]*

LAER. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! *[Dies.]*

* It seems by this that unbated and envenomed are two different things, therefore embaited appears not to be the right reading, p. 110. † the union.

HAM. I
I'm dead, I
You that lo
That are b
Had I but t
Is strict in
But let it b
Thou liv'st
To the unf
HOR. N
I'm more an
Here's yet
HAM. A
Give me th
Oh good H
Things star
If thou did
Absent thee
And in this
To tell my
What warl

OSR. Y
Polan
To the em
This warli
HAM. C
The poten
I cannot liv
But I do pr
On Fortinb
So tell him

HAM. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee.
 I'm dead, Horatio; wretched Queen, adieu!
 You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant death
 Is strict in his arrest) oh I could tell you——
 But let it be—Horatio, I am dead,
 Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

HOR. Never believe it.
 I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane;
 Here's yet some liquor left.

HAM. As th' art a man,
 Give me the cup; let go, by heav'n I'll have't.
 Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
 What warlike noise is this?

S C E N E VI.

Enter OSRICK.

OSR. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
 Poland,
 To the embassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

HAM. O, I die, Horatio:
 The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit,
 I cannot live to hear the news from England.
 But I do prophesie th' election lights
 On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice,
 So tell him, with th' occurents more or less,

Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

HOR. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither?

Enter FORTINBRAS and English Ambassador, with drum, colours, and attendants.

FORT. Where is this fight?

HOR. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORT. This quarry cries on havoc. Oh proud death!

What feast is tow'rd in thine * eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

AMB. The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing;

To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

That Rosincrosse and Guildenstern are dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you:

He never gave command'ment for their death.

But since so full upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arriv'd; give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view,

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,

How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

* In another edition infernal.

Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

FORT. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the * nobles to the audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

HOR. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

FORT. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier † to the stage ;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The soldiers music, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him——
Take up the body : such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching : after which, a peal of ordnance
are shot off.*]

* noblest.

† off the stage.

F I N I S.

O T

MO

MR. W I

MR.

PRINT

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR OF VENICE.

THE AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

ACCORDING TO

MR. POPE'S SECOND EDITION.

GLASGOW,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. AND A. FOULIS
MDCCCLVII.

O T

MO

VOL. V

OTHELLO.

THE

MOOR OF VENICE.

VOL. VIII.

A 2

Dramatis Personae.

DUKE of VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a noble Venetian.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

OTHELLO, the Moor, general for the Venetians in Cyprus.

CASSIO, his lieutenant-general.

JAGO, standard-bearer to Othello.

RODORIGO, a foolish gentleman, in love with Desdemona.

MONTANO, the Moor's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to the Moor.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello.

AEMILIA, wife to Jago.

BIANCA, curtezan, mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE for the first act in Venice; during the rest of the play in Cyprus.

The story is taken from Cynthio's Novels.

O

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ROD.

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JAGO

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O T H E L L O,

THE MOOR OF VENICE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

V E N I C E.

Enter RODRIGO and JAGO.

R O D R I G O.

N E V E R tell me, I take it much unkindly,*
That thou, Jago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

J A G O. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

R O D. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

J A G O. Despise me

If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft' capt to him : and by the faith of man
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators ; Certes says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he ?

Forsooth a great arithmetician,

* *Tuſh, never tell me, I take it much unkindly----- ed. prima.*

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battel knows
 More than a spinster; but the bookish theorick,
 Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
 As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership—he had th' election;
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be led and calm'd
 By Debitor, and Creditor, this Counter-caster.
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, God blefs the mark! his Moor-ship's Ancient.

ROD. By heav'n, I rather would have been his
 hangman. [service;

JAGO. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge yourself,
 If I in any just term am assign'd
 To love the Moor?

ROD. I would not follow him then.

JAGO. O Sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doating on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd;
 Whip me such honest knaves.—Others there are
 Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;

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And throwing but showers of service on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their
coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.

It is as sure as you are Rodorigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Jago:

In following him, I follow but myself.

Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For daws to peck at; I'm not what I * seem.

ROD. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

JAGO. Call up her father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such † changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

ROD. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

JAGO. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

ROD. What ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio! ho!

JAGO. Awake! what ho! Brabantio! ho! thieves,
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

* am

† chances.

S C E N E II.

Enter BRABANTIO above, at a window.

BRA. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

ROD. Signior, is all your family within?

JAGO. Are all doors lock'd?

BRA. Why? wherefore ask you this?

JAGO. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for shame put
on your gown,

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise I say.

BRA. What, have you lost your wits?

ROD. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

BRA. Not I; what are you?

ROD. My name is Rodorigo.

BRA. The worse welcome;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

ROD. Sir, Sir, Sir——

BRA. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

ROD. Patience, good Sir.

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice:

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VOL.

My house is not a grange.

ROD. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

JAGO. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have courters for cousins, and gennets for Germans.

BRA. What prophane wretch art thou?

JAGO. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

BRA. Thou art a villain.

JAGO. You are a senator.

[dorigo.

BRA. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Ro-

ROD. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

* If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse, nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a Gundalier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.

* The 17 following lines are added since the first edition, where after the words, I beseech you, immediately follows-----
If she be in her chamber, &c.

Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
 To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where; straight satisfy yourself.
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the State
 For thus deluding you.

BRA. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper——call up all my people——
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light, I say, light!

JAGO. Farewel; for I must leave you.
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
 Which ev'n now stand in act, that for their souls,
 Another of his fadom they have none,
 To lead their business. In which regard,
 Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 (Which is indeed but sign.) That you may surely
 find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
 And there will I be with him. So farewell.

[Exit.

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BRA.

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S C E N E III.

Enter BRABANTIO in his night-gown, and servants with torches.

BRA. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Rodorigo,
Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, saist thou! who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? oh she deceives me
Past thought—What said she to you? get more ta-
pers——

Raise all my kindred—are they married, think you?

ROD. Truly I think they are.

BRA. Oh heaven! how gat she out?

Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, Rodorigo,
Of some such thing?

ROD. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

BRA. Call up my brothers; oh would you had had
her!

Some one way, some another——Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

BRA. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call,
I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of * might:
On, good Rodorigo, I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

* night. ed. prim.

S C E N E IV.

The Street.

Enter OTHELLO, JAGO, and attendants with torches.

JAGO. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I * lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. — Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

OTH. It's better as it is.

JAGO. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

OTH. Let him do his spight:
My services, which I have done the signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, † unbonneting, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Jago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unbowed free condition

* take.

† i. e. without pulling off the bonnet.

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JAGO.

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CAS. A

JAGO.

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Put into circumscription and confine, [yonder?
For the seas worth. But look! what lights come

SCENE V.

Enter CASSIO with torches.

JAGO. Those are the raised father, and his friends :
You were best go in.

OTH. Not I : I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

JAGO. By Janus, I think no.

OTH. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodness of the night upon you, friends,
What is the news ?

CAS. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

OTH. What is the matter, think you ?

CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine :
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heels :
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for,

When being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you :
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.

CAS. Ancient, what makes he here ? [carrac;

JAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

CAS. I do not understand.

JAGO. He's married.

CAS. To whom?

JAGO. Marry to——Come, captain, will you go?

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Have with you.

CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

S C E N E VI.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODRIGO, with officers and torches.

JAGO. It is Brabantio; general be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

OTH. Holla! stand there.

ROD. Signior, it is the Moor.

BRA. Down with him, thief.

[They draw on both sides.]

JAGO. You Rodorigo! come, Sir, I am for you—

OTH. Keep up your bright fwords, for the dew will
rust 'em.

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

BRA. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the footy bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?

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* Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
 That weaken notion. I'll have't disputed on,
 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
 Lay hold upon him; if he do resist
 Subdue him at his peril.

OTH. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter. Where will you I go
 To answer this your charge?

BRA. To prison, 'till fit time
 Of law, and course of direct session
 Call thee to answer.

OTH. What if I obey?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state,
 To bring me to him.

OFFI. True, most worthy signior,
 The duke's in council, and your noble self
 I'm sure is sent for.

BRA. How! the duke in council?
 In this time of the night? bring him away;
 Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exe.*]

* The five following lines are not in the first edition.

S C E N E VII.

*The Senate house.**Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights and attendants.*

DUKE. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

I SEN. Indeed, they're disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

DUKE. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 SEN. And mine two hundred ;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence,) yet they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.

SAILOR *within.*] What hoa ! what hoa ! what hoa !

Enter SAILOR.

OFFI. A messenger from the gallies,

DUKE. Now !——what's the business ?

SAIL. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the state.

DUKE. How say you by this change ?

I SEN. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze ; when we consider,
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more fertile question bear it,

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DUKE.

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I SEN.

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*For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks th' abilities
 That Rhodes is drefs'd in. If we make thought of this,
 We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake and wage a danger profitless.

DUKE. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

OFFI. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

MES. The Ottomites, (reverend and gracious,)
 Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
 Have there enjoin'd them with an after fleet—

I SEN. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

MES. Of thirty fail; and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
 ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
 With his free duty, recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

DUKE. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus:
 Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

I SEN. He's now in Florence.

DUKE. Write from us, to him.
 Post-haste, dispatch.

I SEN. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
 Moor.

* The seven following lines are added since the first edition.

S C E N E VIII.

*To them, enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO,
JAGO, RODRIGO, and Officers.*

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you,

Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior,
We lack'd your counsel, and your help to-night.

BRA. So did I yours; good your grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me. For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

DUKE. Why? what's the matter?

BRA. My daughter! oh my daughter!——

SEN. Dead.

BRA. To me,
She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not——

[ceeding

DUKE. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul pro-
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; though our proper son
Stood in your action.

BRA. Humbly I thank your grace,
Here is the man; this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special mandate, for the State affairs,

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ALL. We're very sorry for't.

DUKE. What in your own part can you say to this?

BRA. Nothing, but this is so.

OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

BRA. A maiden, never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at itself; and she, in spight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

DUKE. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more * certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

I SEN. But, Othello, speak,
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTH. I beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the
place. [Exit Jago.]

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battels, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,

* *more wider and more over test.*

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† Antr
‡ Desari
from wilde.
§ It wa
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The Anthr
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Would Def

To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field;
 Of hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history: *
 Wherein of † antrées vast, and ‡ defarts wild,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch
 heav'n,

It was my hint to speak. § All these to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively: I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke

* This line is restored from the old edition. It is in the rest—
 And portance in my travel's history. Rymer in his criticism on
 this play has chang'd it to Portents, instead of Portance.

† Antrées, Fr. Grottoes.

‡ Defarts idle, in the former editions; doubtless a corruption
 from wilde.

§ It was my hint to speak; such was the process;
 And of the Canibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi; and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
 Would Desdemona &c.

That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of * sighs :
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it,—yet she wish'd
That heav'n had made her such a man—she thank'd
me,

And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them :
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

S C E N E IX.

Enter DESDEMONA, JAGO, and attendants.

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter
too——

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best,
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you hear her speak ;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you must owe obedience ?

* It was kisses in the latter editions. But this is evidently the true reading: the lady had been forward indeed, to give him a world of kisses upon the bare recital of his story, nor does it agree with the following lines.

DES. Noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

BRA. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your grace on to the State affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

DUKE. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a
sentence,

Which, like a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour——

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [thief;
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

BRA. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
 But he hears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
 That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
 But words are words; I never yet did hear,
 That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the ear.
 I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of State.

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus; Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you; you must therefore be content to stubber the * gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel † couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down, I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 This present war against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reverence of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

DUKE. Why, at her father's.

BRA. I will not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor would I there reside,

* gloss.

† couch.

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DUKE

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VOL.

To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a * charter in your voice
T'affist my simpleness.

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona ?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me :
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTH. Your voices, lords ; beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction ;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, † foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business ;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities

* character.

† feel.

Make head against my estimation.

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste;
And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

DES. † To-night, my lord, to-night?

OTH. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i'th'morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

OTH. Please your grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so;
Good-night to every one. And noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

SEN. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [*Exit.*]

OTH. My life upon her faith. Honest Jago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [*Exeunt.*]

† added from the first edition.

S C E N E X.

Manent RODRIGO and JAGO.

ROD. Jago.

JAGO. What sayest thou, noble heart?

ROD. What will I do, thinkest thou?

JAGO. Why, go to bed and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently drown myself.

JAGO. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman!

ROD. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our physician.

JAGO. O villanous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinney-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

JAGO. Virtue? a fig, 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our

carnal stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a sect, or syen.

ROD. It cannot be.

JAGO. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man : drown thyself ? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with cables of perdurable toughnes. I could never better steed thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow thou these wars, † defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,—but put money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall shortly be as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth ; when she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice—Therefore put money in thy purse—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

ROD. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

† i. e. *disgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a false beard.*

JAGO
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JAGO. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

ROD. Where shall we meet i'th'morning?

JAGO. At my lodging.

ROD. I'll be with thee by times.

JAGO. Go to farewell. Do you hear, Rodorigo!

ROD. I'll sell all my land.

[Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

Manet JAGO.

JAGO. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a swain,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if 't be true—
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well—
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume up my will
A double knavery—How? how?—let's see—
After some time, t'abuse Othello's ears,
That he is too familiar with his wife—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are :

I have't—it is ingendred—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit,

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

Enter MONTANO Governor of Cyprus, and Gentlemen.

M O N T A N O.

W H A T from the cape can you discern at sea?
I GENT. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
flood;

I cannot 'twixt the † heavens and the main
Descry a fail. [land;

MONT. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when ‡ the huge mountains melt,
Can hold the morties? what shall we hear of this?

2 GENT. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,

† *haven. ed. prim.*

‡ *mountains melt on them.*

And quench the guards of th' ever † fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchain'd flood.

MONT. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 GENT. News, ‡ lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts. Another ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.

MONT. How! is this true?

3 GENT. The ship is here put in;
A Veroneſſo, Michael Caſſio,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.

MONT. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 GENT. But this ſame Caſſio, though he ſpeak of
comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

MONT. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-side,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue

† fixed.

‡ lads.

An indistinct regard.

GENT. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

S C E N E III.

Enter CASSIO.

CAS. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

MONT. Is he well ship'd?

CAS. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

CAS. What noise?

GENT. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a fail.

CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

GENT. They do discharge their shot of courtesie:
Our friends at least.

CAS. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

GENT. I shall.

[Exit.]

MONT. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

CAS. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency——

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VOL.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

GENT. 'Tis one Jago, ancient to the general.

CAS. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
 (Traitors † ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,)
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
 The divine Desdemona.

MONT. What is she?

CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain:
 Left in the conduct of the bold Jago,
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A fennight's speed. Great Jove, Othello's guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort——

S C E N E V.

*Enter DESDEMONA, JAGO, RODRIGO, and
 AEMILIA.*

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
 You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand
 Enwheel thee round.

† *qu. if enur'd.*

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E

DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

CAS. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

DES. O but I fear—how lost you company?

CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark, a sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

GENT. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

CAS. See for the news:

Good ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.
[To Aemilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good Jago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

JAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

DES. Alas! she has no speech.

JAG. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

AEMIL. You have little cause to say so.

JAGO. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of
doors,

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your huswifery, and housewives in your beds.

DES. Oh fie upon thee, slanderer.

JAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

AEMIL. You shall not write my praise.

JAGO. No, let me not.

DES. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

JAGO. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

DES. Come, one essay. There's one gone to the harbour——

JAGO. Ay, madam.

DES. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

JAGO. I am about it, but indeed my invention
comes from my pate; as birdlime does from freeze,
it plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours,
and thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,

The one's for use, the other useth it.

DES. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

JAGO. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,*

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

DES. Worse and worse.

AEMIL. How if fair and foolish?

JAGO. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,*

For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

DES. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish?

JAGO. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,*

But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

DES. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserv-
ing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her
merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

JAGO. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)*

DES. To do what?

JAGO. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

DES. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! do not learn of him, Aemilia, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

CAS. He speaks home, madam, you may relish him more in the foldier, than in the scholar.

JAGO. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said—whisper—with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will † gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed—if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiss'd and excellent courtesie—'tis so indeed—yet again—your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake. [*Trumpets.*]
The Moor, I know his trumpet.

CAS. 'Tis truly so.

† or catch, shackle.

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DES. Let's meet him, and receive him.

CAS. Lo, where he comes !

S C E N E VI.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

OTH. Oh my fair warrior !

DES. My dear Othello.

OTH. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. My soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death :
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DES. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow.

OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers !
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here : it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make.

JAGO. Oh you are well-tun'd now ; but I'll let
down the pegs that make this musick, as honest as I
am. [*Aside.*

OTH. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done ; the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,

I've found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
 In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good Jago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
 Bring thou the master to the cittadel,
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent JAGO and RODRIGO.

JAGO. Do you meet me presently at the harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be'st valiant ; as they say, base
 men being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
 tures, more than is native to them——list me ; the
 lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.
 First, I must tell thee this : Desdemona is directly in
 love with him.

ROD. With him ? why, 'tis not possible.

JAG. Lay thy fingers thus ; and let thy soul be in-
 structed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd
 the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantasti-
 cal lies. And will she love him still for prating ? let
 not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed.
 And what delight shall she have to look on the devil ?
 When the blood is made dull with the act of sport,
 there should be a game to inflame it, and to give sa-
 tiety a fresh appetite ; loveliness in favour, sympathy
 in years, manners, and beauties : all which the Moor
 is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd con-
 veniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself a-
 bus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor
 the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and

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compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and human seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present itself. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent and compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

ROD. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest's condition.

JAGO. Blest's figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest's, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest's pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesie.

JAGO. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Rodorigo! when these * mutabilities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master, and main exercise th' incorporate conclusion: pish——but, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you

* *mutabilities.*

find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

ROD. Well.

JAGO. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and happily may strike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

ROD. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

JAGO. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

ROD. Adieu.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet JAGO.

JAGO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

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And nothing can, or shall content my soul
 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife :
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on ;
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the * right garb,
 (For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd,
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

The Street.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

HER. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
 general, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, im-
 porting the meer perdition of the Turkish fleet, every
 man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some
 to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels
 his mind leads him. For besides this beneficial news,
 it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his
 pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open,
 and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present
 hour of five, 'till the bell have toll'd eleven.
 Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general O-
 thello. [Exit.

* rank. ed. prim.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

CAS. Jago hath direction what to do :
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTH. Jago is most honest :
Michael, good night. To-morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. *[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]*

Enter JAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Jago ; we must to the watch.

JAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant : 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her : and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

JAGO. And I'll warrant her full of game.

CAS. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

JAGO. What an eye she has ? methinks it sounds a parly to provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

JAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

CAS. She is indeed perfection.

JAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets : come, lieu-

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tenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are
a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a
measure to the health of black Othello.

CAS. Not to-night, good Jago: I have very poor
and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish
courtesie would invent some other custom of enter-
tainment.

JAGO. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup, I'll
drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovati-
on it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity,
and dare not task my weakness with any more.

JAGO. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gal-
lants desire it.

CAS. Where are they?

JAGO. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

CAS. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

JAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress's dog.——
Now, my sick fool, Rodorigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
* And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

* and the watch too. ed. prim.

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

S C E N E X.

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

CAS. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse
already.

MONT. Good faith a little one : not past a pint, as
I am a foldier.

JAGO. Some wine ho ! [Jago sings.]

And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man ; oh man's life's but a span,

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

CAS. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

JAGO. I learn'd it in England : where indeed they
are most potent in pötting. Your Dane, your German,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander,——drink ho—
are nothing to your English.

CAS. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-
ing ?

JAGO. Why he drinks you with facility your Dane
dead drunk. He *sweats not to overthrow your Al-
main. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
pottle can be fill'd.

CAS. To the health of our general.

MONT. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you
justice.

JAGO. Oh sweet England.

* *sweats not.*

*King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor lown :
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
And take thy old cloak about thee.*

Some wine ho.

CAS. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

JAGO. Will you hear't again ?

CAS. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well——Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

JAGO. It's true, good lieutenant.

CAS. For mine own part, (no offence to the general, nor any man of quality ;) I hope to be saved.

JAGO. And so do I too, lieutenant.

CAS. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins——gentlemen let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

GENT. Excellent well.

CAS. Why very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

Manent JAGO and MONTANO.

MONT. To the platform, masters, come, let's see the watch.

JAGO. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar,
And give direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONT. But is he often thus?

JAGO. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep,
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

MONT. It were well
The general were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter RODRIGO.

JAGO. How now, Rodorigo!
I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit Rod.*]

MONT. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

JAGO. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

Re-enter CASSIO pursuing RODRIGO.

CAS. You rogue! you rascal!——

MONT. What's the matter, lieutenant?

CAS. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

ROD. Beat me——

CAS. Dost thou prate, rogue?

MONT. Nay, good lieutenant? [*Staying him.*

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

CAS. Let me go, Sir, or I'll * knock you o'er the mazzard.

MONT. Come, come, you're drunk.

CAS. Drunk?—— [*They fight.*

JAGO. Away I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit Rodorigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant——alas, gentlemen——

Help ho!——lieutenant——Sir, Montano——

Help masters! here's a goodly watch indeed——

Who's that who rings the bell——diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever.

S C E N E XII.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

OTH. What is the matter here?

MONT. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

OTH. Hold for your lives.

JAGO. Hold ho! lieutenant——Sir——Montano——
Gentlemen——

Have you forgot all place of sense and duty?

* know.

The general speaks to you—hold, hold, for shame—

OTH. Why how now ho? from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks? and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest Jago, that looks dead with grieving,

Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

JAGO. I do not know; friends all, but now, even
now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now——

As if some planet had unwitted men,

Sword out, and tilting one at other's breasts,

In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus for-
got?

CAS. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil:

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

MONT. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Jago, can inform you, [me

While I spare speech, which something now offend

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Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence affails us.

OTH. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began? who set it on?
And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel?
In night, and on the court and guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous. Say Jago, who began't?

MONT. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

JAGO. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio.
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, general:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and intreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue;
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
 Out-ran my purpose : I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report.
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget ;
 Tho' Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

OTH. I know, Jago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,
 But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up :
 I'll make thee an example.

DES. What's the matter ?

OTH. All is well, sweeting ; come, away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
 Lead him off :

Jago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
 Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life,
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E XIII.

Manent JAGO and CASSIO.

JAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

CAS. Past all surgery.

JAGO. Marry, heav'n forbid.

CAS. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Jago, my reputation——

JAGO. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more *sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What man—there are ways to recover the general again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak, parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

JAGO. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

JAGO. Is't possible?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

* offence ed. prim.

JAGO. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recover'd ?

CAS. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath ; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

JAGO. Come, you are too severe a moralist. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall'n : but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard ? had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer 'would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast. Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

JAGO. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd : exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

CAS. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk !

JAGO. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do : our general's wife is now the general. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her : importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CAS. You advise me well.

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JAGO. I protest in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me.

JAGO. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

CAS. Good night, honest Jago. [Exit Cassio.]

S C E N E XIV.

Manet JAGO.

JAGO. And what's he then, that says I play the
When this advice is free I give, and honest, [villain?
Likely to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easy
Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetters'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? 'tis hell's divinity:
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
As I do now. For while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust:

JAGO. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recover'd ?

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S C E N E XIV.

Manet JAGO.

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And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall † enmesh them all. How now, Rod'rigo!

S C E N E XV.

Enter RODRIGO.

ROD. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money
 is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well
 cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so
 much experience for my pains; and so with no money
 at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

JAGO. How poor are they that have not patience?
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time:
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
 Tho' other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
 Content thyself a while. In troth 'tis morning;
 Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted?
 Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
 Nay, get thee gone. *[Exit Rodorigo.]*

'Two things are to be done;
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress:
 I'll set her on to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump, when he may Cassio find
 Solliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
 Dull not device, by coldness and delay.

† en-mesh, a metaphor from taking birds in meshes.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

O T H E L L O's *Palace.*

Enter CASSIO, Musicians, and Clown.

C A S S I O.

MA S T E R S, play here, I will content your pains, [neral.

Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, ge-

C L O W N. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

C L O W N. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

C L O W N. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

C L O W N. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your musick, that he desires you for love's sake to make no noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

C L O W N. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

C L O W N. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into air, away. [Exit Mus.

C A S. Dost thou hear me, mine honest friend?

C L O W N. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

C A S. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's a

poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this ?

CLOWN. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. *[Exit Clown.]*

CAS. Do my good friend.

To him enter JAGO.

In happy time, Jago.

JAGO. You have not been a-bed then ?

CAS. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife ; My suit is, that she will to Desdemona Procure me some access.

JAGO. I'll send her presently : And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. *[Exit.]*

CAS. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

To him enter AEMILIA. *[forry]*

AEMIL. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am For your displeasure ; but all will sure be well. The general and his wife are talking of it : And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity ; and that in wisdom *[you,* He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves And needs no other suitor but his likings, To bring you in again.

CAS. Yet I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

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OTH.
GENT

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VOL.

AEMIL. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

CAS. I'm much bound to you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter OTHELLO, JAGO, and Gentlemen.

OTH. These letters give, Jago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

JAGO. My good lord, I'll do't.

OTH. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

GENT. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

An Apartment.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and AEMILIA.

DES. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

AEMIL. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my
husband

As if the cause were his.

DES. Oh that's an honest fellow; doubt not, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

CAS. Most bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

DES. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

CAS. Ay, but lady,

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That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

DES. Do not doubt that; before Aemilia here,
I give the warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

S C E N E IV.

Enter OTHELLO and JAGO.

AEMIL. Madam, here comes my lord.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.

DES. Why stay, and hear me speak.

CAS. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease.
Unfit for mine own purposes.

DES. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

JAGO. Hah? I like not that.

O H. What dost thou say?

JAGO. Nothing my lord; or if—I know not what.

OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

JAGO. Cassio, my lord? no sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTH. I believe 'twas he.

DES. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,

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A man that languishes in your displeasure.

OTH. Who is't you mean?

DES. Why your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

OTH. Went he hence now?

DES. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love call him back.

OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time.

DES. But shall't be shortly?

OTH. Sooner, sweet, for you.

DES. Shall't be to-night at supper?

OTH. Not to-night.

DES. To-morrow dinner then?

OTH. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel. [morn,

DES. Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday
Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn,
I pr'ythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith he's penitent:
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that they say the wars must make example
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
T'incurr a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so * mutt'ring on? what? Michael Cassio!—
That came a wooing with you, and many a time

* *mamm'ring.*

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much —

OTH. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

DES. Why, this is not a boon :
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

OTH. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

DES. Shall I deny you? no : farewell, my lord.

OTH. Farewel, my Desdemona, I'll come straight.

DES. Aemilia, come; be as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be. I am obedient. [Exeunt.]

* S C E N E V.

Manent OTHELLO and JAGO.

OTH. Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

JAGO. My noble lord.

OTH. What dost thou say, Jago? [Lady,

JAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
Know of your love?

OTH. He did from first to last : why dost thou ask?

JAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, Jago?

JAGO. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

OTH. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

JAGO. Indeed!

OTH. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought of that?

Is he not honest?

JAGO. Honest, my lord?

OTH. Honest? ay, honest.

JAGO. My lord, for ought I know.

OTH. What dost thou think?

JAGO. Think, my lord!—

OTH. Think, my lord! why by heav'n, thou echo'st me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that,—
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed!*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

JAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're * close denotements working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

JAGO. For Michael Cassio,

* cold dilations,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

OTH. I think so too.

JAGO. Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.

JAGO. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this ;

I pray thee speak to me as to * thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

JAGO. Good, my lord, pardon me.

† Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all slaves are free to ;
Utter my thoughts !—why say they're vile and false ?
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful ?

OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Jago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

JAGO. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesses,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse, and of my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,) I intreat you then
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of ‡ my scattering and unsure observance :
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

* my.

† I am not bound.

‡ his.

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OTH. What dost thou mean?

[lord,

JAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

'Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

'But he that filches from me my good name,

'Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

'And makes me poor indeed.

OTH. I'll know thy thoughts——

JAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTH. Ha!

JAGO. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy,

It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTH. Oh misery!

JAGO. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;

But riches endless, is as poor as winter,

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy.

OTH. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?

To follow still the changes of the moon,

With fresh suspicions? no; to be once in doubt,

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul

To such exufficate and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
 Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
 The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Jago,
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
 And on the proof, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with love, or jealousy.

JAGO. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio,
 Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heav'n see the pranks [science
 They dare not shew their husbands; their best con-
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so?

JAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you,
 And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

OTH. And so she did.

JAGO. Go to then;
 She that so young could give out such a seeming
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
 He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much loving you.

OTH. I'm bound to you for ever.

JAGO. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

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JAGO. Trust me, I fear it has :
 I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd——
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

JAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech would fall into such vile * excess,
 Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
 My lord, I see you're mov'd—— [friend.

OTH. No, not much mov'd——
 I do not think but Desdemona's honest. [so.

JAGO. Long live she so ; and long live you to think

OTH. And yet how nature erring from itself——

JAGO. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with
 Not to affect many proposed matches [you)

Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends :
 Foh ! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
 Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.

But, pardon me, I do not in position
 Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And haply so repent.

OTH. Farewel, farewel ;
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
 Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, Jago.

JAGO. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

OTH. Why did I marry ?

This honest creature, doubtless,
 Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

* *success.*

VOL. V.

I

JAGO. My lord, I would I might entreat your ho-
 To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time : [nour
 Altho' 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
 For sure he fills it up with great ability,
 Yet if you please to put him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him, and his means ;
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong, or vehement importunity,
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

JAGO. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Manet OTHELLO.

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learn'd spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
 * Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have ; or for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years, yet that's not much——
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage !
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,

* *A metaphor taken from falconry. Jesses are the strings
 they hold a hawk by.*

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For other's use. Yet 'tis the plague of great-ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable like death.

Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes!

Enter DESDEMONA and AEMILIA.
If she be false, oh then heav'n mocks itself!
I'll not believe't.

DES. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

DES. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour [again;
It will be well.

OTH. Your napkin is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Manet AEMILIA.

AEMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Jago; what he'll do with it,

Heav'n knows, not I :

I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter JAGO.

JAGO. How now ? what do you here alone ?

AEMIL. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

JAGO. You have a thing for me ?

It is a common thing——

AEMIL. Ha ?

JAGO. To have a foolish wife.

AEMIL. Oh, is that all ? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?

JAGO. What handkerchief ?

AEMIL. What handkerchief ?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

JAGO. Hast stolen it from her ?

AEMIL. No, but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up :
Look, here 'tis.

JAGO. A good wench, give it me.

AEMIL. What will you do with't, you have been so
earnest to have me filch it ?

JAGO. Why, what is that to you ? [*Snatching it.*

AEMIL. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

JAGO. Be not you known on't :

I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit Aemil.*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons :

* Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,

* *This line, restored from the first edition, compleats the sense.*

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou hadst yesterday.

OTH. Ha! false to me!

JAGO. Why, how now, general; no more of that.

OTH. Avant, be gone; thou'st set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

JAGO. How, my lord?

OTH. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

JAGO. I am sorry to hear this.

OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So had I nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

JAGO. Is't possible, my lord?

OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[Catching hold on him.]

Or by the worth of * mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

JAGO. Is't come to this?

OTH. Make me to see't, or at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

JAGO. My noble lord——

OTH. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

JAGO. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. Wretched fool,
That † liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

OTH. Nay stay——thou should'st be honest——

JAGO. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

‡ OTH. By the world,

* man's, in the first edition.

† love'st.

‡ this speech not in the first edition.

I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
 I'll have some proof. * Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
 I'll not endure't. Would I were satisfied!

JAGO. I see Sir, you are eaten up with passion;
 I do repent me that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?

OTH. Would? nay, and will.

JAGO. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
 Would you † be supervisor, grossly gape on?
 Behold her tupp'd?

OTH. Death and damnation! oh!

JAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
 More than their own. What then? how then?
 What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
 As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If imputation and strong circumstances
 Which lead directly to the door of truth,
 Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

JAGO. I do not like the office;
 But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
 Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
 I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
 And being troubled with a raging tooth,

* my name.

† the super-vision.

I could not sleep——

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say, sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry——oh sweet creature, and then kifs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kifs, and then
Cry, curst fate! that gave thee to the Moor.

OTH. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

JAGO. This was but his dream.

OTH. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

JAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.

JAGO. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

OTH. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

JAGO. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTH. If it be that——

JAGO. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTH. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true——look here, Jago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:

'Tis gone
Arise bl
Yield up
To tyra
For 'tis

JAGO

OTH

JAGO

OTH

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VOL

'Tis gone; —

Arise black vengeance from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

JAGO. Yet be content.

OTH. Oh blood, blood, blood——

JAGO. Patience I say; your mind may change.

OTH. Never, Jago. * Like the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up——now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow; [He kneels.
I here engage my words——

JAGO. Do not rise yet: [Jago kneels.

Witness you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Jago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
‡ Not to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

OTH. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

* This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should
be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place.

‡ and to obey.

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JAGO. My friend is dead ;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

OTH. Damn her, lewd minx ! oh damn her, damn
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw [her !
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

JAGO. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Enter DESDEMONA, AEMILIA, and Clown.

DES. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio

CLOWN. I dare not say he lies any where. [lyes?

DES. Why man ?

CLOWN. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier
lies, 'tis stabbing.

DES. Go to ; where lodges he ?

CLOWN. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

DES. Can any thing be made of this ?

CLOWN. I know not where he lodges ; and for
me to devise a lodging, and say he lyes here, or he
lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat.

DES. Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by
report ?

CLOWN. I will catechize the world for him, that is
make questions, and by them answer.

DES. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him, I
have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope all will
be well.

CLOWN. To do this is within the compass of
man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit Clown.

DES. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Aemi-

AEMIL. I know not, madam. [lia?

DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

AEMIL. Is he not jealous?

DES. Who he? I think the fun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

AEMIL. Look where he comes.

DES. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

S C E N E X.

Enter OTHELLO. [femble!

OTH. Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to dis-
How do you, Desdemona?

DES. Well, my lord. [lady.

OTH. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my

DES. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

OTH. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

DES. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

OTH. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

DES. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.

OTH. What promise, chuck?

DES. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

OTH. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

DES. Here, my lord.

OTH. That which I gave you.

DES. I have it not about me.

OTH. Not?——

DES. No indeed, my lord.

OTH. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an Aegyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, subdue my father

Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,

To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To loose't or give't away, were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

DES. Is't possible?

OTH. 'Tis true, there's magick in the web of it;

A Sybill that had number'd in the world

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:

The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk,

And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

DES. Indeed! is't true!

OTH. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

DES. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't.

OTH. Ha? wherefore?

DES. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

OTH. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

DES.
OTH.
DES.
OTH.
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DES.
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DES.
OTH
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AEM
DES.
Sure the
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AEM
They an
They ea
They be
JAG
And lo,
DES.

DES. Bless us!—

OTH. Say you?

DES. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

OTH. Ha!

DES. I say it is not lost.

OTH. Fetch't, let me see't.

DES. Why so I can, Sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.

OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind
misgives—

DES. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

OTH. The handkerchief—

DES. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

OTH. The handkerchief—

DES. In sooth you are to blame.

OTH. Away.

[Exit Othello.]

SCENE XI.

Manent DESDEMONA and AEMILIA.

AEMIL. Is not this man jealous?

DES. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

AEMIL. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:

They are but stomachs, and we all but food,

They eat us hungrily, and when they're full

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter JAGO, and CASSIO.

JAGO. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;

And lo, the happiness! go and importune her. [you?

DES. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with

CAS. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's arms.

DES. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

JAGO. Is my lord angry?

AEMIL. He went hence but now;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

JAGO. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Pufft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *[Exit.]*

Man

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CAS

S C E N E XII.

Manent DESDEMONA, AEMILIA and CASSIO.

DES. I pr'ythee do so. Something fure of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
Hath pudled his clear spirit; and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Aemilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my foul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

AEMIL. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

DES. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

AEMIL. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself. [mind!]

DES. Heav'n keep that monster from Othello's

AEMIL. Lady, amen.

DES. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to' effect it to my uttermost.

CAS. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Ex. Desdem. and Aemil.]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. 'Save you, friend Cassio.

CAS. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.BIAN. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
'What? keep a week away? seven days and nights?
'Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
'More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
'Oh weary reck'ning!CAS. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more * convenient time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]

Take me this work out.

BIAN. Oh Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence, now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.CAS. Go to, woman;
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good troth, Bianca.

BIAN. Why, whose is it?

CAS. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

BIAN. Leave you? wherefore?

* *continue.*

CAS. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.

BIAN. Why, I pray you?

CAS. Not that I love you not.

BIAN. But that you do not love me;
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

CAS. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

BIAN. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[Exe.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

Enter OTHELLO, and JAGO.

J A G O.

WILL you think so?

OTH. Think so, Jago?

JAGO. What, to kifs in private?

OTH. An unauthoriz'd kifs?

JAGO. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

OTH. Naked in bed, Jago, and not mean harm?

'It is hypocrisfy against the devil:

'They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

'The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

JAGO. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

OTH. What then?

JAGO. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord, and being hers,

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She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

OTH. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

JAGO. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief——

OTH. By heav'n I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou saidst,——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boading to *ill,——he had my handkerchief.

JAGO. Ay, what of that?

OTH. That's not so good now.

JAGO. What if I said, I'ad seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.

OTH. Hath he said any thing?

JAGO. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

OTH. What hath he said?

JAGO. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—

OTH. What? what?

JAGO. Lye——

OTH. With her?

JAGO. With her? on her——what you will——

OTH. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her!
that's fulsom: handkerchief——confessions——hand-
kerchief——† I tremble at it——nature would not in-
vest herself in such shadowing without some instruc-

* all. † Handkerchief-----to confess, and be hang'd
for his labour-----First to be hang'd, and then to confess---
No hint of this trash in the 1st edition.

tion. It is not words that shake me thus——pish—
 noses, ears, and lips——is't possible!——confess!——
 handkerchief!——oh devil—— [Falls in a trance.

JAGO. Work on,
 My medicine works! thus credulous fools are caught;
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
 All guiltless meet reproach. What ho! my lord!
 My lord, I say, Othello.

S C E N E II.

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio?

CAS. What's the matter?

JAGO. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy,
 This is the second fit: he had one yesterday.

CAS. Rub him about the temples.

JAGO. No, forbear,
 The lethargy must have his quiet course;
 If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness: look, he stirs.
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
 He will recover straight; when he is gone,
 I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*
 How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

OTH. Dost thou mock me?

JAGO. I mock you not, by heav'n;
 Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

OTH. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

JAGO. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
 And many a civil monster.

OTH. Did he confess it?

JAGO. Good Sir, be a man:
 Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
 May draw with you. Millions are now alive,

That nightly lye in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

OTH. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

JAGO. Stand you a while apart,
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief
(A passion most * unfitting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasy;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry patience,
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

OTH. Dost thou hear, Jago,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

JAGO. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[Othello withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague

* resulting.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

S C E N E III.

Enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant ?

CAS. The worser, that you gave me the addition,
 Whose want even kills me.

JAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't :
 Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's * power,

[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed ?

CAS. Alas, poor caitiff.

OTH. Look how he laughs already.

JAGO. I never knew a woman love man so.

CAS. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

OTH. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

JAGO. Do you hear, Cassio ?

OTH. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er ; go to, well said, well said.

JAGO. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
 Do you intend it ?

CAS. Ha, ha, ha.

OTH. Do ye triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?

CAS. I marry !—what ? a customer ? pr'ythee bear
 some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwhol-
 some. Ha, ha, ha.

OTH. So, so : they laugh that win.

JAGO. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

* dower.

CAS. Pr'ythee say true.

JAGO. I am a very villain else.

OTH. Have you scoar'd me? well.

CAS. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

OTH. Jago beckons me: now he begins the story.

CAS. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

OTH. Crying, oh dear Cassio, as it were: his gesture imports it.

CAS. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha——

OTH. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

CAS. Well, I must leave her company.

JAGO. Before me; look where she comes.

S C E N E IV.

Enter BIANCA.

CAS. 'Tis such another *fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

BIAN. Let the devil and his dam haunt you; what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minxe's token, and I must take

* *Fitchew*, a pole-cat.

out the work ? there, give it your hobby-horse : where-
soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how
now ?

OTH. By heav'n, that should be my handkerchief.

BIAN. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may ;
if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[Exit.

JAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

JAGO. Will you sup there ?

CAS. Yes, I intend so.

JAGO. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would
very fain speak with you.

CAS. Pr'ythee come, will you ?

JAGO. Go to, say no more. [Exit Cassio.

S C E N E V.

Manent OTHELLO and JAGO.

OTH. How shall I murder him, Jago ?

JAGO. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

OTH. Oh, Jago !——

JAGO. And did you see the handkerchief ?

OTH. Was that mine ?

JAGO. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he
prizes the foolish woman your wife—she gave it him,
and he hath given it his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years a killing :

A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !——

JAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd
to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd
to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the
world hath not a sweeter creature—the might lye

by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

JAGO. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her, I do but say what she is — delicate with her needle — an admirable musician. Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

JAGO. She's the worse for all this.

OTH. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition! —

JAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, Jago — Oh, Jago, the pity of it, Jago —

JAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

OTH. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

JAGO. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer!

JAGO. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Jago, this night, I will not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Jago. [Exit]

JAGO. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed. Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

OTH. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases; very good.

JAGO. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight.

S C E N E VI.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and attendants.

OTH. Excellent good — what trumpet is that sounds?

JAGO. I warrant something from Venice.

'Tis Lod.

See, you

Lod.

OTH.

Lod.

OTH.

Des.

Jago

Welcom

Lod.

Jago

Des.

An unkin

OTH.

Des.

OTH.

Lod.

Is there

Des.

T'atone

OTH.

Des.

OTH.

Des.

Lod.

For as I

Deputing

Des.

OTH.

Des.

OTH.

Des.

OTH.

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'Tis Lodovico: this comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

LOD. Save you, worthy general.

OTH. With all my heart, Sir.

LOD. The Duke and the Senators of Venice greet you. *[Gives him a letter.]*

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

JAGO. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to Cyprus.

LOD. I thank you; how does lieutenant Cassio?

JAGO. Lives, Sir. *[lord]*

DES. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

OTH. Are you sure of that?

DES. My lord.

OTH. This fail you not to do, as you will——

LOD. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

DES. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T'atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

OTH. Fire and brimstone!

DES. My lord!

OTH. Are you wise?

DES. What, is he angry?

LOD. May be the letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

DES. Trust me, I am glad on't.

OTH. Indeed!

DES. My lord!

OTH. I am glad to see you mad.

DES. Why, sweet Othello?

OTH. Devil!

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DES. I have not deserv'd this.

LOD. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends, she weeps.

OTH. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :
Out of my fight——

DES. I will not stay t' offend you. [Going.]

LOD. Truly an obedient lady :

I do beseech your lordship call her back.

OTH. Mistress.

DES. My lord.

OTH. What would you with her, Sir ?

LOD. Who I, my lord ?

OTH. If you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep ;
And she's obedient : as you say obedient,
Very obedient,—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well painted passion !—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—hence, avant !—

[Exit Desd.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus——
Goats and Monkeys !

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Manent LODOVICO, and JAGO.

LOD. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient ? this the nature

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Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

JAGO. He is much chang'd.

LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not of light brain?

JAGO. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

LOD. What, strike his wife! [knew

JAGO. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I
That stroke would prove the worst.

LOD. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

JAGO. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

LOD. I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

An apartment.

Enter OTHELLO and AEMILIA.

OTH. You have seen nothing then?

AEMIL. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

AEMIL. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

OTH. What? did they never whisper?

AEMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. Nor send you out o'th' way?

AEMIL. Never.

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

AEMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange!

AEMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse;
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

OTH. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Aemilia.*]
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock and key of villanous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

S C E N E IX.

Enter DESDEMONA and AEMILIA.

DES. My lord, what is your will?

OTH. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

DES. What is your pleasure?

OTH. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

DES. What horrible fancy's this?

OTH. Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery; nay dispatch.

[*Exit Aemil.*]

DES. Upon my knee, what doth your speech im-
I understand a fury in your words,

[*port?*]

* But not your words.

* *This line is added out of the first edition.*

OTH. Why? what art thou?

DES. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

OTH. Come swear it; damn thyself; lest being like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.

Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.

DES. Heav'n doth truly know it.

OTH. Heav'n truly knows
That thou art false as hell.

DES. To whom, my lord?

With whom? how am I false?

OTH. Ah, Desdemon, away, away, away——

DES. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you've lost him,

Why I have lost him too.

OTH. Had it pleas'd heav'n

To try me with affliction, had he rain'd

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at——

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

AEMIL. Never.

OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
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AEMIL. Never, my lord.

OTH. That's strange!

AEMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
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With whom? how am I false?

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If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you've lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

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A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at——
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But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin;
 I here look grim as hell.

DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. Oh ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed!
 Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
 That the sense akes at thee——

Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

DES. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write whore upon? what, committed?
 Committed? oh, thou publick commoner!
 I should make very forges of my cheeks,
 That would to cynders burn up modesty,
 Did but I speak thy deeds. What, committed?
 Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
 And will not hear't. What, committed?

DES. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

OTH. Are not you a strumpet?

DES. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
 From any other foul unlawful touch,
 Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTH. What, not a whore?

DES. No, as I shall be saved.

OTH. Is't possible?

DES. Oh heav'n forgive us.

OTH. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
 That married with Othello——

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S C E N E X.

Enter AEMILIA.

You mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay you!
We have done our course, there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

AEMIL. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DES. Faith, half asleep. [lord?

AEMIL. Good madam, what's the matter with my

DES. With whom?

AEMIL. Why, with my lord, madam?

DES. Who is thy lord?

AEMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady.

DES. I have none; do not talk to me, Aemilia.

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

AEMIL. Here's a change indeed! [Exit.

DES. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

S C E N E XI.

Enter JAGO and AEMILIA.

JAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? how is't
with you?

DES. I cannot tell; those that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so: for in good faith

I am a child to chiding.

JAGO. What's the matter, lady?

AEMIL. Alas, Jago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her
That true hearts cannot bear it.

DES. Am I that name, Jago?

JAGO. What name, fair lady?

DES. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

AEMIL. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his
drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

JAGO. Why did he so?

DES. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

JAGO. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

AEMIL. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?

To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

DES. It is my wretched fortune.

JAGO. Beshrew him for't; how comes this trick
upon him?

DES. Nay heav'n doth know.

AEMIL. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

JAGO. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

DES. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him.

AEMIL. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his
bones.

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company
What place? what time? what form? what likely
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

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Oh heav'n, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
 And put in every honest hand a whip,
 To lash the rascal naked through the world,
 Ev'n from the east to th' west !

JAGO. Speak within door. [was

AEMIL. Oh fie upon them ! some such 'squire he
 That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
 And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

JAGO. You are a fool ; go to.

DES. Alas, Jago.

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
 Good friend, go to him ; by this light of heav'n,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ;

[Kneeling.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed ;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
 Delighted them on any other form ;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me ! unkindness may do much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I can't say whore,
 It do's abhor me now I speak the word ;
 To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
 Not the world's mafs of vanity could make me.

JAGO. I pray you be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
 The business of the state do's him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

DES. If 'twere no other.

JAGO. It is but so, I warrant. [Trumpets.
 Hark how these instruments summon to supper !
 The messenger of Venice stays the meat ;

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Aemilia.*]

S C E N E XII.

Enter RODRIGO.

How now, Ródrigo?

ROD. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

JAGO. What in the contrary?

ROD. Every day thou dost'st me with some devise Jago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

JAGO. Will you hear me, Ródrigo?

ROD. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

JAGO. You charge me most unjustly.

ROD. With nought but truth: I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

JAGO. Well, go to; very well.

ROD. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fob'd in it.

JAGO. Very well.

ROD. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my

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JAGO.

unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

JAGO. You have said now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

JAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rodorigo, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

ROD. It hath not appear'd.

JAGO. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

ROD. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

JAGO. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

ROD. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

JAGO. Oh no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

ROD. How do you mean removing him?

JAGO. Why by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

ROD. And that you would have me to do?

JAGO. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit, and

a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

ROD. I will hear further reason for this.

JAGO. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, AEMILIA, and attendants.

LOD. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble yourself no further.

OTH. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

LOD. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

DES. Your honour is most welcome.

OTH. Will you walk, Sir? oh Desdemona! —

DES. My lord.

OTH. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done. [Exit.

DES. I will, my lord.

AEMIL. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DES. He says he will return incontinent, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

AEMIL. Dismiss me?

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DES. It was his bidding ; therefore, good Aemilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

AEMIL. I would you had never seen him.

DES. So would not I ; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

AEMIL. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the
bed.

DES. All's one : good father ! how foolish are
our minds ?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

AEMIL. Come, come ; you talk.

DES. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara,
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind ; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee dispatch.

AEMIL. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

DES. No, unpin me here ;
This Lodovico is a proper man.

AEMIL. A very handsom man.

DES. He speaks well.

AEMIL. I know a lady in Venice would have
walk'd bare-foot to Palestine for a touch of his ne-
ther lip.

DES. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,
Sing all a green willow : [Singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.*

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;
Sing willow, &c.*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones ;
Sing willow, &c.*

*Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hie thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow must be my gartand.*

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next—hark who is't that knocks ?

AEMIL. It's the wind.

DES. *I call'd my love false love ; but what said he
Sing willow, &c.* [then ?

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So get thee gone, good-night ; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping ?

AEMIL. 'Tis neither here nor there. [men !

DES. I have heard it said so ; oh these men, these
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Aemilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

AEMIL. There be some such, no question. [world ?

DES. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the

AEMIL. Why, would not you ?

DES. No, by this heav'nly light.

AEMIL. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light,
I might do't as well i'th' dark. [world ?

DES. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the

AEMIL. The world's a huge thing ;

It is a great price, for a small vice.

DES. In troth I think thou would'st not.

AEMIL. In troth I think I should, and undo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a
joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns,
petticoats, nor caps ; nor any petty exhibition. But
for all the whole world ; why, who would not make

her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

AEMIL. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think there is any such woman.

AEMIL. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.

But I do think it is their husbands faults, If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint on us; or say they strike us, Or scant our former having in despight; Why we have galls; and though we have some grace, Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell, And have their palats both for sweet and fower, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? is it sport?

think it is; and doth affection breed it?

think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?

is so too. And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty as men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

DES. Good-night; good-night; heaven me such uses send,

not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The STREET.**Enter JAGO and RODRIGO.*

J A G O.

H E R E, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us : think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

ROD. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

JAGO. Here, at thy hand ; * be bold and take thy sword.

ROD. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me satisfying reasons ;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword ; he dies.

JAGO. I've rub'd this young gnat almost to the sense
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona.

It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly ; and besides the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in peril ;

* behold, and take thy stand.

No, h

ROD.

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CAS.

LOD.

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No, he must die. Be it so, I hear him coming.

[Exit Jago.

Enter CASSIO.

ROD. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain thou dyest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*

CAS. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

ROD. Oh, I am slain. [*Fight, and both fall.*

CAS. I'm maim'd for ever; help ho! murther,
murther!

S C E N E II.

Enter OTHELLO above at a window.

OTH. The voice of Cassio, Jago keeps his word.

ROD. Oh villain that I am!

OTH. It is even so.

CAS. Oh help ho! light! a surgeon!—

OTH. 'Tis he! oh brave Jago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teachest me——minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms thine eyes, are
blotted.

Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.

S C E N E III.

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

CAS. What ho! no watch? no passage? murther,
murther!

GRA. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direful.

CAS. Oh help!

LOD. Hark!

VOL. VIII.

O

ROD. Oh wretched villain !

LOD. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits : let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

ROD. No body come : then shall I bleed to death.

Enter JAGO, in his shirt.

LOD. Hark.

GRA. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

JAGO. Who's there ? whose noise is this that cries
out murder ?

LOD. We do not know.

JAGO. Do not you hear a cry ?

CAS. Here, here : for heav'n fake help me.

JAGO. What's the matter ?

GRA. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

LOD. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

JAGO. What are you here, that cry so grievously ?

CAS. Jago ? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains !
Give me some help. [this ?

JAGO. Oh me, lieutenant ! what villains have done

CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

JAGO. Oh treacherous villains !
What are you there ? come in and give some help.

ROD. Oh help me there.

CAS. That's one of them.

JAGO. Oh murd'rous slave ! oh villain !

[Jago slabs him.]

ROD. Oh damn'd Jago ! oh inhuman dog !

JAGO. Kill men i'th' dark ? where be these bloody
thieves !

How silent is this town ? ho, murder ! murder !

What may you be ! are you of good or evil ?

LOD.

JAGO

LOD.

JAGO

GRA.

JAGO

CAS.

JAGO

Light, g

BIAN

JAGO

BIAN

My swee

JAGO

Who the

CAS.

GRA.

I have be

JAGO

To bear

BIAN.

JAGO

To be a

Patience

Lend me

Alas, my

Rodorigo

GRA.

JAGO

GRA.

JAGO

LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.

JAGO. Signior Lodovico.

LOD. He, Sir.

[lains.

JAGO. I cry you mercy! here's Cassio hurt by vil-

GRA. Cassio?

JAGO. How is't, brother?

CAS. My leg is cut in two.

JAGO. Marry heav'n forbid:

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. What is the matter hoa? who is't that cry'd?

JAGO. Who is't that cry'd?

BIAN. Oh my dear Cassio,

My sweet Cassio, oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.

JAGO. Oh notable strumpet. Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

CAS. No.

GRA. I am sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

JAGO. Lend me a garter. So—oh for a chair,
To bear him easily hence.

BIAN. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

JAGO. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio, come, come:

Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man
Rodorigo? no: yes sure: yea, 'tis Rodorigo.

GRA. What, of Venice?

JAGO. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

GRA. Know him? ah!

JAGO. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

GRA. I am glad to see you.

JAGO. How do you, Cassio? oh a chair, a chair.

GRA. Rodorigo?

JAGO. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lyes slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

CAS. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

JAGO. What, look you pale? oh bear him out o'
th' air.

Stay you good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gashness of her eye? [*To Bianca.*
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

S C E N E V.

Enter AEMILIA.

AEMIL. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

JAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Rodorigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Rodorigo dead.

AEMIL. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

JAGO. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray Aemilia,
Go know of Cassio where he sapt to-night.

What, do you shake at that? [*not.*

BIAN. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake

JAGO. Oh did he so? I charge you go with me.

AEMIL. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet.

BIAN.

As you th

AEMI

JAGO.

Come mi

Aemilia,

And tell

Will you

That eith

A Bed-ch

Enter

OTH.

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Justice to

Be thus v

BIAN. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

AEMIL. As I? fie upon thee.

JAGO. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor Cassio drest.
Come mistrefs, you must tell's another tale.

Aemilia, run to the cittadel,
And tell my lord and lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*A Bed-chamber: DESDEMONA is discovered asleep
in her bed.*

Enter OTHELLO, with a light, and a sword.

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my foul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth and monumental alablaster:
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out *the* light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light re-lumine.
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither—I'll smell thee on the tree;
[*Kissing her.*]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after—one more, that's the last,
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal ! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love—she wakes—

DES. Who's there, Othello ?

OTH. Ay, Desdemona.

DES. Will you come to bed, my lord ?

OTH. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

DES. Ay, my lord.

OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

DES. Alack, my lord,
What may you mean by that ?

OTH. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy soul.

DES. Talk you of killing ?

OTH. Ay, I do.

DES. Then heav'n have mercy on me.

OTH. Amen, with all my heart.

DES. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

OTH. Hum.

DES. And yet I fear you : for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so.

Why I should fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not : yet I feel I fear.

OTH. Think on thy sins.

DES. They're loves I bear to you.

OTH. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

DES. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip ?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame ;
These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,

They do

OTH.

DES.

OTH.

Which I f

DES.

And ask h

OTH.

Thou art

DES.

OTH.

Therefore

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DES.

OTH.

DES.

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OTH.

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A murder

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DES.

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Let him co

OTH.

DES.

OTH.

DES.

OTH.

They do not point on me.

OTH. Peace, and be still.

DES. I will so: what's the matter?

OTH. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Cassio.

DES. No by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.

OTH. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

DES. Ay, but not yet to die.

OTH. Presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

DES. Oh heav'n have mercy on me.

OTH. I say, amen.

DES. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warantry of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

OTH. By heav'n I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

DES. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

OTH. He hath confess'd.

DES. What, my lord?

OTH. That he hath——us'd thee——

DES. How? unlawfully?

OTH. Ay.

DES. He will not say so.

OTH. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Jago hath ta'en order for't.

DES. Oh, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-
Had stomach for them all. [venge

DES. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone. [face?

OTH. Out strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my

DES. Oh banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

OTH. Down, strumpet.

DES. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

OTH. Nay, if you strive.

DES. But half an hour*—but while I say one
prayer.

OTH. It is too late. [Attempts to smother her.

S C E N E VII.

AEMILIA at the door.

AEMIL. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord,
my lord! [dead?

OTH. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

AEMIL. *within.*] What hoa! my lord, my lord!

OTH. Who's there?

AEMIL. Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word
with you.

OTH. Yes 'tis Aemilia—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

* DES. But half an hour-----

OTH. Being done, there is no pause.

DES. But while I say one prayer.

The noise
Still as the
I think she
If she comes
My wife
Oh insup
Methinks
Of sun and
Should you
AEMILIA
That I may
OTH. I
Soft, by
Where a

AEMILIA
done
OTH. I
AEMILIA
OTH. I
She comes
And make
AEMILIA
A young
OTH. I
AEMILIA
OTH. I
And sweet
DES. I
AEMILIA
OTH. I
AEMILIA
Help! he
Sweet D
VOL.

The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?
I think she stirs again—no—what's the best?
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife,
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th' afrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration——

AEMIL. I beseech you
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord!—

OTH. I had forgot thee; oh come in, Aemilia.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter AEMILIA.

AEMIL. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murthers
done.

OTH. What? now?

AEMIL. But now, my lord.

OTH. It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

AEMIL. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo.

OTH. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

AEMIL. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

OTH. Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd.

AEMIL. Alas! what cry is that?

OTH. That? what?

AEMIL. Out and alas, that was my lady's voice.
Help! help hoa! help! oh lady speak again,
Sweet Desdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.

DES. A guiltless death I die.

AEMIL. Oh who hath done this deed?

DES. No body, I myself, farewell;

Commend me to my kind lord; oh farewell. [*Dies.*]

OTH. Why, how should he be murther'd?

AEMIL. Alas! who knows?

OTH. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

AEMIL. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

OTH. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

AEMIL. Oh the more angel she, and you the black-
er devil.

OTH. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

AEMIL. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

OTH. She was false as water.

AEMIL. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

OTH. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

AEMIL. My husband!

OTH. Thy husband.

AEMIL. That she was false to wedlock?

OTH. Ay, with Cassio: had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

AEMIL. My husband?

OTH. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

AEMIL. My husband?

OTH. What needs this *iteration, woman?

* *iteration.*

I say th

‡ AE

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My huf

OTH

I say th

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AEM

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She was

OTH

AEM

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Enter M

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AEM

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That me

GRA.

AEM

He says

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Speak, fo

‡ This

I say thy husband.

‡ AEMIL. Oh mistress! villany has made mocks
with love.

My husband say she was false?

OTH. He, woman;

I say thy husband; do'st understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Jago.

AEMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day; he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

OTH. Hah?

AEMIL. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTH. Peace, you were best. [harm

AEMIL. Thou hast not half that power to do me
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!

As ignorant as dirt; thou'st done a deed——

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives——Help! help! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

S C E N E VIII.

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, JAGO, and others.

MONT. What is the matter? how now, general?

AEMIL. Oh, are you come, Jago? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

GRA. What is the matter?

AEMIL. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

‡ *This speech and the following are not in the first edition.*

JAGO. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

AEMIL. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

JAGO. I did.

AEMIL. You told a lie; an odious damned lie:
Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio? did you say with Cassio?

JAGO. With Cassio, mistress; go to, charm your
tongue. [to speak,

AEMIL. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound
My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed.*

JAGO. What, are you mad? I charge you get you
home. [speak;

AEMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, Jago, I will ne'er go home.

OTH. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello falls on the bed.

AEMIL. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

OTH. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your niece,

* -----murder'd in her bed.

ALL. Oh heav'ns forefend!

AEMIL. And your reports have set the murder on.

OTH. Nay, stare not, masters, it is true indeed.

GRA. 'Tis a strange truth.

MONT. Oh monstrous act!

AEMIL. Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't-----I think-----I smell't-----Oh villany!

I thought so then; I'll kill myself for grief,

Oh villany, villany!

JAGO. What, are you mad? &c.

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stop'd;
I know this act shews horrible and grim.

GRA. Poor Desdemona! I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desp'rate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

OTH. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Jago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confess it,
And she did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

AEMIL. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

JAGO. Come, hold your peace.

AEMIL. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the * air,
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

JAGO. Be wise and get you home.

AEMIL. I will not. [*Jago offers to stab his wife.*]

GRA. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

AEMIL. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

JAGO. Villanous whore!

AEMIL. She gave it Cassio? alas I found it,

* north.

And I did give't my husband.

JAGO. Filth, thou liest.

AEMIL. By heav'n I do not, I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[Jago breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.]

OTH. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

GRA. The woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his wife.

AEMIL. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my mistress's side.

GRA. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

MONT. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [Exit Mon. and Gra.]

S C E N E IX.

OTH. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

AEMIL. What did thy song boad, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, willow, willow*—
Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [Aemil. dies.]

OTH. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of Spain, the * Ebro's temper;

* In the first edition it is Isebroke's temper. Thence corrupted to Ice-brooks. Ebro's temper: the waters of that river

Oh here it is : uncle, I must come forth.

GRA. *within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce, must suffer.

OTH. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

GRA. What is the matter ?

OTH. Lo ! I have a weapon :

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,

I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast !

Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear :

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires. Where should Othello go ?

Now—how dost thou look now ? oh ill-starr'd wench !

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?

Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh curst slave !

Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heav'nly sight ;

Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire —

Oh Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead, dead ! oh, oh !

*Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest
arms in the world, the Catalonian fuseses.*

S C E N E X.

Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO *led in wounded*, MONTANO, and JAGO *prisoner, with officers.*

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

OTH. That's he that was Othello : here I am.

LOD. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

OTH. I look down tow'rds his feet ; but that's a fable.

If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Jago.*]

LOD. Wrench his sword from him.

JAGO. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

OTH. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

LOD. Oh thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
Faln in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

OTH. Why any thing ;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will :
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

LOD. This wretch hath part confest his villany :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

OTH. Ay.

CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon :
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

JAGO. Demand me nothing ; what you know, you know ;

From this time forth I never will speak word.

LOD. What ? not to pray ?

GRA. Torments will ope your lips.

OTH. Well, thou dost best.

LOD. Sir you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Rod'rigo,
And here another, one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Rodorigo.

OTH. Oh villain!

CAS. Most heathenish and most gross!

LOD. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems
Rod'rigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that belike Jago in the interim
Came in and satisfy'd him.

OTH. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

CAS. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

OTH. Oh fool, fool, fool!

CAS. There is besides, in Rodorigo's letter,
How he upbraids Jago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, Jago hurt him,
Jago set him on.

LOD. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known

To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

OTH. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extrem; of one whose hand,
Like the base * Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbant Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the uncircumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.]

LOD. Oh bloody period!

GRA. All that is spoke is marr'd.

OTH. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no
For he was great of heart. [weapon;]

* In the first edition it is Judian, occasion'd probably by the word Tribe just after, but the common reading is better; as the word Tribe is applicable to any race of people, and the thought of an ignorant Indian's casting away a pearl very natural in itself, whereas to make sense of the other, we must presuppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to, which is much less obvious.

LON. Oh Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
 This is thy work; the object poisons sight,——
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
 The time, the place, the torture, oh enforce it.
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state,
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*]

T H E E N D.



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Vol. V

I N D E X
OF THE
C H A R A C T E R S,
S E N T I M E N T S,
S P E E C H E S
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Vol. VIII.

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S E C T. I.

C H A R A C T E R S

O F

HISTORICAL PERSONS.

A.	Play.	Act. Scene.		Person.
A R T H U R, a hopeful young prince, unfortu- nate. vol. 4	K. John.			
Alcibiades, banish'd for interceding for his friend. vol. 6	Timon.	3	6	
- - - visits Timon with two misses ib.	ibid.	4	4	
--- exhorted to cru- elty by him, and the women to lust. ibid.	ibid.	4	4	
- - - conquers A- thens. ibid.	ibid.	5	5	
Antony, Mark, his conference with Brutus after Cae- sar was murther'd. vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	3	3	
- - - his reflections on it, when alone.			4	
--- speaks Caesar's funeral oration.			6	

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Antony, Mark, his eloquence prais'd by Cassius. vol. 6	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
--- his valour dege- nerates into fond- ness for Cleopa- tra. vol. 7	Jul. Caesar.	5	2	
--- resolves to leave her.	Ant. and Cleop.	1	1	
--- his former bravery describ'd by Octavius Cae- sar.			4	
--- Pompey's wish that he may live on in love and luxury.			5	
--- quarrels with Octavius, which ends in a marriage with Octavia.		2	1	
--- his genius infe- rior to Octavius's.			2	
-- complains of Oc- tavius's ill-treat- ment to Octavia.			4	Sooth. Ant.
--- beaten at Acti- um, and despairs after it.		3	4	
--- sends to Octa- vius to treat, and is refus'd.			6, 7	
--- grows jealous of Cleopatra.			8	
--- beats Caesar by land, and meets			10	



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I N D E X.

the Queen in rap- ture.	Play. Ant. and Cleop.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Antony, Mark, his fleet revolting he quarrels again with Cleopatra.		4	6	
--- being told she is dead he falls on his sword.			9	
--- carried to Cle- opatra he dies in her arms.			10	
--- Octavius and his generals la- ment and praise him.			12	
--- and Cleopatra.		5	1	
Ajax his character.			2	
vol. 7	Tro. and Cref.	1	3	Ser.
B.				
Blanch, her beauty and virtue. vol. 4	K. John.	2	5	Cit.
Burgundy, duke of, a false ally vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	3	3	
Beauford, cardinal. vid. Winchester.				
Buckingham, duke of, treacherous, cruel, mercenary.				
vol. 5	Richard 3.			
--- in Henry 8th's reign, rash, chole- ric. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	1	2	
--- his character given by Hen. 8.				
ibid.	ibid.	1	5	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Buckingham condemn'd. <i>ibid.</i>	Hen. 8.	2	1. 2.	
Bullen, Anne, her beauty. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	7	King.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	5	Cham.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	Suf.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	1	2 Gent.
Brutus, reserv'd and melancholic. vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	1	3	
- - - spirited up by Cassius against Caesar.		1	3	
- - - of great authority with the people.			7	Caesr.
- - - his self-debate upon Caesar's death.		2	1	
- - - opens himself freely to the conspirators.			2	
- - - declares for saving Anthony.				
- - - importun'd by his wife Portia.			3	
- - - his speech to the people, to justify Caesar's murder.		3	5	
- - - quarrels with Cassius.		4	2. 3.	
- - - relates the death of Portia.			4	
- - - sees Caesar's ghost.			7	

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- - - resol
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Catharine,
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- - - pitie
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- - - her
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- - - prais
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Cromwell,

Cranmer's
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	Play.	Act. Scene.		Perfon.
Brutus takes his laſt farewel of Caſſius.	Jul. Caefar.	5	3	
--- reſolves to die, and kills himſelf.			8	
--- prais'd by An- tony.				
Banquo, his charac- ter (for the reſt, vid. Mackbeth.)				
vol. 7	Mackbeth.	3	2	Mac.
C.				
Conſtance, a mother paſſionately fond.				
vol. 4	K. John.			
Cade, John, a bold crafty rebel. vol. 5	2 Henry 6.	3	5	York.
Clifford, bold and re- vengeful. ibid.	3 Henry 6.			
Caefar, Julius. ibid.	Richard 3.	3	1	Prince.
Catharine, Q. to Henry 8. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	2	3	Norf.
--- pitied by Anne Bullen. ibid.	ibid.	2	5	
--- her ſpeech to the king before her divorce. ibid.	ibid.	2	6	
--- prais'd by the king. ibid.	ibid.	2	7	
--- recommends her daughter and ſervants to him.				
ibid.	ibid.	4	2	
Cromwell, Thomas.				
ibid.	ibid.	4	1	3 Gent.
Cranmer's character by Gardiner. ibid.	ibid.	5	1	

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Cranmer's character by Cromwel.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
vol. 6	Hen. 8.	5	5	
- - - by the king.	ibid.	5	6	
- - - his speech over princeſs Elizabeth.				
ibid.	ibid.	5	8	
Coriolanus, brave, proud, a contemner of the populace.	Coriolanus.			
vol. 6				
- - - chides his ſoldiers when repulſ'd.				
ibid.	ibid.	1	8	
- - - his character.				Lar.
- - - his entry into Rome after a victory.		2	4	Bru. Meſ.
- - - - his actions ſumm'd up by Cominius.			6	Com.
- - - approv'd by the Tribunes, he rails at the populace.		3	1	
- - - baniſh'd.			6	
- - - applies to, and is kindly receiv'd by Aufidius.		4	4	
- - - not to be diverted by his friends from invading Rome.		5	1	
- - - - yields to his mother's intreaties.		5	3	
- - - ſlain by the en-				

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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
vy and treachery of Aufidius.	Coriolanus.	5	6	
Caesar, Julius, sus- picious of Cassius.				
vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	1	4	Caes.
- - - refuseth the crown that was of- fer'd.			5	Caes.
- - - addicted to su- perstition, and lov'd flattery.		2	2	Caes. Dec.
- - - - dissuaded by Calphurnia from going to the se- nate.			4	
- - - his contempt of death.				Caes.
- - - firm against those who wrong him.		3	1	Caes.
- - - assassinated.				
- - - his ghost ap- pears to Brutus.		4	7	
Cassius, confers with Brutus against Caesar. ibid.	ibid.	1	3	
Cassius his charac- ter.			4	Caes.
- - - resolves to kill himself if Caesar is made king.			7	
- - - his quarrel with Brutus.		4	2. 3.	
- - - ill omens stag- ger him tho' an e- picurean.		5	3	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Cassius prefaces he should die on his birth-day.	Jul. Caesar.	5	4	
- - - kills himself.				
- - - mourn'd and prais'd by Titinius, Messala and Brutus.			5. 6.	
Casca's character ib	ibid.	1	5	Cas.
Cleopatra, the power of her beauty over Antony. vol. 7	Ant. and Cleo.	1	1	Ant. }
- - - tenderly passionate.		2	3	Eno. }
- - - her character of Antony when he had left her.		1	3	
- - - her falling down the Cydnus described.			6	
[for the rest vid Antony.			3	
- - - her lamentation over the dead body of Antony.		4	12	
- - - resolves to die.		5	2	
- - - visited by Octavius.		3		
- - - affronted by her treasurer Seleucus.				
- - - kills herself with an aspick.			6	

D.

Dowglass. vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	4	1	Hot.
Duncan, K. of Scot-				

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land murther'd. vid. Macbeth. E.	Play.	Act. Scene.		Person.
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Eleanor wife of D. Humphrey, ambitious and given to superstition. vol. 5	Richard 2.	2	3	York.
--- walks in procession for penance, and is banish'd ib.	2 Hen. 6.	1	4	
Edward 4th, amorous, brave, successful. ibid.	2 Hen. 6.	2	7	
--- his two sons. ibid.	3 Hen. 6.			
--- murther'd. ibid.	Richard 3.	2	5	
Edward P. of Wales, son to Henry 6. ib.		3	1	
Q. Elizabeth, prophetically described by Cranmer. vol. 6		4	3	
--- complimented by the title of the vestal queen. vol. 1	Richard 3.	1	2	
Enobarbus, a brave Roman captain. vol. 7	Henry 8.	5	8	
--- dies with grief for deserting Antony. ibid.	Midf. N. Dr.	2	2	Ob.
	Ant. and Cleop.			
	ibid.	4	7	
F. Faulconbridge,				

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	Play.	Act. Scene.		Person.
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G.				
Glendower. vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	3	1	
- - - describ'd by Hotspur. ibid.	ibid.	3	2	
Glocester, Humphrey D. of, gives up his white staff.	.			
vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	2	5	
- - - fees his dutcheffs's proceffion for penance. ibid.	ibid.	2	7	
- - - accus'd to the king by the queen and others. ibid.	ibid.	3	1	
- - - - arrested for high treason, he defends himself. ib.	ibid.	3	2	
- - - murder'd by strangling. ibid.	ibid.	3	6	War.
Gardiner, Bp. of Winchester, flattering and cruel.				
vol. 6	Hen. 8.	5	6	King.
H.				
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- - - item. ibid.	1 Hen. 4.	3	4	K. Hen.
Hotspur, (vid. Percy) H. 5th in Armour. vol. 4	ibid.	4	2	Ver.
Henry 4th describ'd by Hotspur. ibid.	ibid.	4	5	

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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Henry 4th, his son				
prince Henry. ib.	1 Hen. 4.	5	4	Ver.
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Henry 5th. ibid.	Henry 5.	1	1	Cant.
--- item. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	1	1	
Henry 6th, meek, religious, unfortu- nate. ibid.	1, 2, 3. Hen. 6.			
Henry 8th, vid. Q. Catharine, Anne Bullen.				

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John, king, dissem- bling, cruel, irre- solute, unfortu- nate. vol. 4	K. John.			
Joan, the maid of Orleans. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	1	5, &c.	
--- raiseth friends. ibid.	ibid.	5	3	
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--- condemn'd to be burn'd. ibid.	ibid.	5	6	
James I. king, pro- phetically describ- ed by Cranmer. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	5	8	
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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
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— by Pompey. vol. 7	Ant. and Cleop.	2	1	
M.				
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Margaret, Henry 6th's queen, enra- ged with her own miseries, exults at others. vol. 5	Richard 3.			
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Menenius Agrippa, his fable of the belly and limbs. ib.	Coriol.	1	2	
— his character by himself. ibid.	ibid.	2	1	Men.
— his character of Coriolanus. ib.	ibid.	3	4	
Macbeth, his bra- very in battel. vol. 7	Macbeth.	1	1	
— hath his great- ness foretold by witches.			4	
— the conflict of his mind when he first intended to kill the king.			5. 6.	
— his temper de- scrib'd by his lady.			7	
— lady, resolves on murdering the king, and encour- rages Macbeth. ib.	ibid.		7	

Macbeth,
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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Macbeth, he stag- gers in his resolu- tion, and is con- firm'd again by his wife.	Macbeth.		9. 10.	
— his soliloquy before he kills the king, and horror after.		2	2. 3.	
— meditates Ban- quo's death, and employs murthe- rers.		3	2	
— Banquo's ghost appears to him.			5	
— consults the witches again.		4	2	
— his character by Malcolm.			4	
— distracted with horror.		5	2	
— despairs, on hearing the En- glish advance a- gainst him.			3	
— told of his la- dy's death.			5	
— slain by Mac- duff.			7. 8.	
N.				
Northumberland's grief for Hotspur.				
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[for the rest vid. Antony and Cleopatra.				
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Percy, Harry Hotspur.	vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	1	1
— item.	ibid.	ibid.	3	4
— item.	ibid.	ibid.	5	1
— his death.	ib.	2 Hen. 4.	1	3
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Richard the second, his ill conduct.				
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— item.	ibid.	2	2	Gaunt.
— item.	ibid.	2	4	
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— his birth prodigious.	ibid.	3 Hen. 6.	5	7
				K. Hen.

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— described by his mother, the D. of York. ibid.	ibid.	4	5	Dutch.
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— his death. ibid.	ibid.	4	1	
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— idem. ibid.	ibid.	2	1	
— his last entertainment for the parasites. ibid.	ibid.	3	7	Sen.
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— compares himself with Apemantus.			6	
— he gives gold and encouragement to the thieves.			7	
— visited by his honest steward.		5	1	
— by the poet and painter.			2	
— by the senators, entreating him to command against Alcibiades.			3	
— his death and epitaph.		5	5	
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Volumnia, a mother of an heroic spirit.				
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— instructs Coriolanus to address the people. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	5	
— diverts him from destroying Rome.		5	3	
Valeria's chastity prais'd by her husband. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	

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— upbraided by Q. Catharine. ibid.	ibid.	2	6	
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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
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Courage. vol. 3	Tam. of the &c.	1	6	Pet.
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Fury.	vol. 7	Wint. Tale.	1	2	Leo. Pol.
G.		M. W. of Windf.			
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M. Antony's on Caesar's murther. vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	3	3. 4.	
—— his funeral oration over the body. ibid.	ibid.	3	6	
<i>Soliloquies.</i>				
K. Henry the 4th, on want of sleep. vol. 4	2 Hen. 4.	3	1	
Pr. Henry, on the troubles attending greatness. ibid.	ibid.	4	10	
Henry fifth, on the miseries of kings. ibid.	Hen. 5.	4	5	
On new-made ho- nour, by the Bas- tard. vol. 4	K. John.	1	3	
On self-interest, by the same. ibid.	ibid.	2	6	
D. of York's on the surrender of An- jou to the French. vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	1	3	
—— on his design to seize the throne for himself. ibid.	ibid.	3	5	
Young Clifford on the death of his fa- ther. ibid.	ibid.	5	5	

K. Henry
happinef
life.

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queen
France.

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Warwick's
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Cardinal
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of life.

Prospero's
spirits.

Angelo's o
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I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
K. Henry's on the happinefs of low life. vol. 5	3 Hen. 6.	2	6	
— after he loft the battle, on his queen going to France. ibid.	ibid.	3	1	
Gloucester's on his deformity, and ambition. ibid.	ibid.	3	3	
Warwick's dying speech. ibid.	ibid.	5	3	
Richard the third's on his deformity. ibid.	Richard 3.	1	1	
Tirrel's on the mur- ther of king Ed- ward's two fons. ibid.	ibid.	4	3	
Richmond's the night before a battle. ibid.	ibid.	5	3	
Richard the third, in defpair. ibid.	ibid.	5	4	
Cardinal Wolfey's on the viciffitudes of life. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	3	6	
Prospero's to the spirits. vol. 1	Tempeft.	5	2	
Angelo's on tempta- tion to luft by a virtuous beauty. ibid.	Meaf. for Meaf.	2	8	
Iachimo's looking on Imogen afleep. vol. 8	Cymbeline.	2	2	

I N D E X.

Posthumus's against women. vol. 8	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Romeo's over Juliet in the vault. vol. 8	Cymbel.	2	7	
The king's, despair- ing of pardon for incest and mur- ther. ibid.	Rom. and Jul.	5	4	
N.B. <i>The speeches in Julius Caesar, An- tony and Cleopatra, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello, are chiefly placed under the titles of those plays.</i>	Hamlet.	3	9	
S E C T. VI.				
INDEX of De- scriptions, or Ima- ges.				
I. <i>Descriptions of Places.</i>				
B.				
B Ank, flowry. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	2	4	Ob.
D.				
Dover Cliff. vol. 3	K. Lear.	4	6	Edg.
E.				
England celebrated. vol. 4	Richard 2.	2	1	Gaunt.
— disprais'd by the constable of France. ibid.	Hen. 5.	3	6	Con.

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England describ'd in its situation.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
vol. 4	K. John.	2	1	Aust.
—only conquer'd by intestine divisi- ons.	ibid.	5	10	Bast.
— its interest in relation to France.				
vol. 5	3 Hen. 6.	4	1	Hast.
— its situation.				
vol. 8	Cymbeline.	3	1	Queen.
F.				
A field after a battle.				
vol. 4	Henry 5.	4	14	Mount.
G.				
Glocestershire. vol. 4	Richard 2.	2	9	North.
I.				
Inchanted isle. vol. 1	Tempest.	3	2	Cal.
K.				
Kent. vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	4	6	Say.
L.				
Lombardy. vol. 3	Tam. of the Sh.	1	1	Lucentio.
N.				
Nile, its flow de- scrib'd.	vol. 7	Ant. and Cleop.	2	7
P.				
Pisa. vol. 3	Tam. of the Sh.	1	1	Luc.
S.				
The Severn. vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	1	4	Hot.
Salique land. ibid.	Henry 5.	1	2	Cant.
T.				
Trent, at Burton.				
vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	3	1	Hot.
Tower of London.				
vol. 5	Richard 3.	3	1	

I N D E X.

V.	Play.	A ^{ct} .	Scene.	Person.
Vale, a dark and melancholy one. vol. 7	Tit. Andro.	2	5	Tam.
II. <i>Descriptions of Persons.</i>				
A.				
Apothecary, his poverty and shop describ'd. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	5	1	Rom.
B.				
Beautiful maid. v. 3	Tam. of the Sh.	5	6	Pet.
A bishop in arms. vol. 4	2 Hen. 4.	4	2	West.
Bedlam beggars. vol. 3	K. Lear.	2	7	Edgar.
Beautiful person petitioning. vol. 1	2 Gent. Ver.	3	5	Pro.
A bailiff. vol. 2	Com. of Er.	4	4	S. Dro.
C.				
Commons of England. vol. 4	Richard 2.	2	8	Bagot.
— their inconsistency. ibid.	2 Hen. 4.	1	6	York.
Courtier, an unsuccessful one. vol. 6	Henry 8.	2	5	Old L.
Cheats, several sorts. vol. 2	Com. of Er.	1	3	Ant.
Constables and watchmen. ibid.	ibid.	3 4	5 4	
Courtier, humorously describ'd. ibid.	As you like it.	5	6	Clo.
Candidate for an office. vol. 6	Coriolanus.	3	5	Cor.

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D.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
A deform'd person. vol. 4	K. John.	2	7	Const.
A dying person by poison, in K. John				
ibid.	ibid.	5	9. 10	
—— of old age, in prison, in Mor- timer. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	2	6	
—— by strang- ling, in D. Hum- phrey. ibid.	2 Hen. 6.	3	6	War.
—— in agonies of despair, in car- dinal Beauford.				
ibid.	ibid.	3	9. 10	
Drunken men. vol. 1	Temp.	4	4	Ari.
Dying of grief. vol. 3	All's well, &c.	4	3	1 Lord.
Debtor. vol. 6	Timon.	2	1	Sen.
Duellist. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	2	5	Mer.
Death, in a beauti- ful face. ibid.	ibid.	4	5	Cap.
—— item. ibid.	Cymbel.	4	5	Arv.
—— item. ibid.	Rom. and Jul.	5	4	Rom.
E.				
Englishmen, in pre- ference to the French. vol. 4	Hen. 5.	3	8	K. Hen.
—— describ'd by the French. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	1	5	
—— ridicul'd for following French fashions. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	1	6	
—— for hard drink- ing. vol. 8	Othello.	2	10	Jago.

I N D E X.

F.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
A foppish courtier. vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	1	4	Hot.
Flatterers of great men. vol. 3	K. Lear.	2	6	Kent.
Fairies. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	2	2	
— item. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	1	5	Merc.
Fairy-masquerade. vol. 1	M. W. of Windsf.	5	4	
Fortune-teller. v. 2	Com. of Er.	5	5	E. Ant.
Fairies, Mab the queen of. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	1	5	Mer.
G.				
General, leading a victorious army. vol. 6	Coriolanus.	4	6	Com.
H.				
Hypocrite. vol. 5	Richard 3.	1	4	Glo.
— item. ibid.	ibid.	3	6	Glo. Buck.
— item. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	3	4	Jul.
I.				
Irishmen. vol. 4	Richard 2.	2	3	K. Richard.
A justice. vol. 2	As you like it.	2	9	Jaques.
A jester. vol. 3	Twelfth Night.	3	1	Vio.
K.				
King, a good one describ'd. vol. 7	Macbeth.	4	4	
Knights of the gar- ter. vol. 5	1 Henry 6.	4	1	Talb.
Kentishmen. ibid.	3 Hen. 6.	1	4	York.
King, a good. ibid.	ibid.	4	9	K. Hen.
L.				
Lover, banish'd. v. 8	Rom. and Jul.	3	5	Rom.
Lovers, humorouf- ly describ'd. ibid.	ibid.	2	2	Mer.
Lovers parting. ib.	Cymbeline.	1	5	

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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Lover, describ'd.			{ 4	Sil. and Clo.
vol. 2	As you like it.	2	{ 9	Jaques.
—— item. vol. 1.	2 Gent. Veron.	2	1	Speed.
—— item. ibid.	ibid.	2	7	Val.
—— constant. ibid.	ibid.	2	10	Jul.
—— banish'd. ibid.	ibid.	3	3	Val.
—— in solitude. ib.	ibid.	5	4	idem.
Lover describ'd. v. 2	As you like it.	3	8	Rosa.
Lovers parting. v. 7	Tro. and Cref.	4	4. 6	
M.				
Messenger, with ill news.	vol. 4 2 Hen. 4.	1	3	North.
—— item. ibid.	K. John.	2	7	Const.
—— with good news.	ibid. 2 Hen. 4.	4	9	K. Hen.
A mad-man. vol. 3	K. Lear.	4	4	Cord.
A miserable mother in Constance. vol. 4	K. John.	3	5	K. Phil.
—— Edward the fourth's widow. ib.	Richard 3.	4	4	Queen.
Mermaid. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	2	2	Ob.
Melancholy-man.				
vol. 8	Hamlet.	2	6	Ham.
N.				
News-tellers. vol. 4	K. John.	4	4	Hub.
A Nun. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	1	1	The.
O.				
Old man oppress'd with cares. vol. 2	Com. of Er.	5	6	Ægecon.
—— vigorous, from temperance in youth.	ibid. As you like it.	2	3	Adam.
Old man in the extremity of decay.				
ibid.	ibid.	2	9	Jaques.

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act. Scene.		Person.
Old men subject to ingratitude. vol. 6 P.	Timon.	2	5	Tim.
Post-messenger. v. 4 ——— see the same describ'd v. 3	2 Hen. 4.	1	2	Trav.
Pedants, in Armado, Holofernes, Nathaniel. vol. 2 Q.	King Lear.	2	8	Kent.
A quarrelsome person. vol. 8 S.	Love's Lab. lost			
Soldier young, brave and unpolish'd. vol. 7	Rom. and Jul.	3	1	Mer.
Soldiers in armour. vol. 4	Tro. and Cref.	4	8	Ulyf.
Serving-man. vol. 3	1 Hen. 4.	4	2	Ver.
Sea-faring persons in distress. vol. 1	K. Lear.	3	6	Edgar.
Savage-man. — vid. Caliban. ibid.	Temp.	1	2	Pro.
Swimmer. vol. 6	ibid.	2	1	Fran.
Soldier. vol. 2	Jul. Caesar.	1	3	Caf.
School-boy. ibid.	As you like it.	2	9	Jaques.
Shepherd. ibid.	ibid.	2	9	idem.
T.	ibid.	3	3	
Twins, their likeness describ'd in the two Antipholis's and Dromio's. vol. 2	Com. of Errors.			
Talkative combs. vol. 2				
Trojans. vol. 7	Mer. of Ven.	3	6	Lor.
	Tro. and Cref.	1	6	Æn.

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V.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Villain's look.				
vol. 4	K. John.	4	2 4	Pemb. K. John.
W.				
Witch. vid. Sycorax.				
Woman of satirical				
wit. vol. 2	M. A. abt. Noth.	2	4	Bene.
— item ibid.	ibid.	3	1	Hero.
Wife, a good one.				
ibid.	Mer. of Ven.	3	6	Jef.
Woman's man. ib.	Love's Lab. lost.	5	7. 8.	Biron.
Witches, and their				
charms. vol. 7	Macbeth.			
Woman, a lewd				
one. ibid.	Tro. and Cres.	4	8	Ulyf.
Y.				
Young gentleman,				
an accomplish'd.				
vol. 1	2 Gent. Ver.	2	5	Val.
— item. vol. 8	Cymbeline.	1	1	1 Gent.
Youth, a pert pre-				
tender. vol. 2	Mer. of Ven.	3	3	Por.
Younger brother,				
kept without edu-				
cation. ibid.	As you like it.	1	1	Orla.
Youth, a beautiful				
one describ'd. ibid.	ibid.	3	11	Phe.
Young lady playing				
on the lute and				
singing. vol. 7	Titus Andron.	2	10	Mar.
Youth, a pert one.				
vol. 8	Cymbel.	3	4	Pis.
— two of royal				
birth. ibid.	ibid.	4	4	Bel.

I N D E X.

III. Descriptions of Things.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
A.				
A N army disbanded. vol. 4	2 Hen. 4.	4	5	Hast.
— embarking. ib.	Hen. 5.	3		Chorus.
— English, new-raised. ibid.	K. John.	2	1	Chat.
Angling. vol. 2	M. A. abt. Noth.	3	1	Urf.
Ambitious love. v. 3	All's well, &c.	1	2	Hel.
Art and nature, vid nature.				
Angling, Cleopatra's. vol. 7	Ant. and Cleop.	2	5	
B.				
Beauty. vid. Bullen, Anne.				
— item. vol. 1	Tempest.	3	1	Fer.
— neglected. ib.	2 Gent. Ver.	4	8	Jul.
— describ'd by Romço. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	1	6	
C.				
Challenge, the ceremonial of one. vol. 4	Richard 2.	1	2	
Combat in the lists, its ceremony. ibid.	ibid.	1	4	
Coronation, the ceremonies of one. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	4	1	3 Gent.
D.				
Denial of favours. vol. 6	Timon.	2	5	Flav.
Diamond-ring. v. 7	Tit. Andro.	3	7	Mar.
Death. vol. 8	Cymbeline.	5	2	Post.
Dreams. ibid.	Rom. and Jul.	1	5	Mer.

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E.	Play.	Act. Scene.		Person.
Entry of K. Richard and Bolingbroke into London. vol. 4	Richard 2.	5	3	York.
Earthquake. ibid.	1 Hen. 4.	3	1	Hot.
Entry of Coriolanus into Rome after victory. vol. 6	Coriol.	2	4	Bru.
— Pompey's. ib.	Jul. Caesar.	1	1	Mur.
Earth, and its products. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	2	4	Friar.
F.				
Fashions, of Italy, &c. vol. 4	Richard 2.	2	1	York.
Face of a person near death. vol. 6	Henry 8.	4	2	Pat.
— ill favour'd. vol. 1	Temp.	1	1	Gonz.
Friendship betwixt two young ladies. ibid.	Midf. N. Dr.	3	8	Hel.
Friend. vol. 2	Mer. of Ven.	3	{ 3 5	Bast.
				Por.
Fortune, and her votaries. vol. 6	Timon.	1	1	Poet.
Family, ruin'd by profuseness. ibid.	ibid.	4	2	
G.				
Gratitude in an old servant. vol. 2	As you like it.	2	3	Adam.
Gentle temper. v. 8	Hamlet.	5	2	King.
H.				
Horse, Richard's rode by Bolingbroke. vol. 4	Richard 2.	5	11	

I N D E X.

Hounds, and hunting describ'd. vol. 1	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
House-keeping, riotous. vol. 6	Midf. N. Dr.	4	2	Thes. Hip.
Hounds, horses, hunting. vol. 7	Timon.	2	4	Flav.
Hurricane. ibid.	Titus Andro.	2	3	
Horror in one buried alive. vol. 8	Tro. and Cref.	5	5	Tro.
I.	Rom. and Jul.	4	3	Jub.
Insurrection of the populace. vol. 4	Richard 2.	3	4	Scroop.
Interview of the kings of England and France: vol. 6	Hen. 8.	1	1	
Jests and jester. v. 2	Love's Lab. lost.	5	10	Rosa.
Invention, a dull one. vol. 8	Othello.	2	5	Jago.
Jealousy describ'd. ibid.	ibid.	3	5	id. and Oth.
K.				
King's evil, and its cure. vol. 7	Mackbeth.	4	5	Mal.
Kingdom, oppress'd by an usurper. ib.	ibid.	4	{ 4 6	Mac. Ross.
L.				
Love, humorously describ'd. vol. 2	Love's Lab. lost.	3	3	Biron.
— improves all our faculties. ibid.	ibid.	4	4	idem.
— fantastical. ib.	ibid.	5	10	idem.
Lioness. ibid.	As you like it.	4	6	Oli.
Life, a pleasant one describ'd. vol. 3	Tam. of the Sh.	1	4	Lord.
— in a wild solitude. vol. 6	Timon.	4	6	Apem.

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M.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Masque, rural. vol. 1	Tempest.	4	3	
Moon. ibid.	Midf. N. Dr.	1	1	Thes. Hip.
— item. ibid.	ibid.	1	3	Lyf.
Masquerade, a scene				
of one. vol. 2	M. A. abt. Noth.	2	2	
Moon. ibid.	As you like it.	3	2	Orla.
Musie. vol. 3	Twelfth Night.	1	1	Duke.
Martlets nests. v. 7	Mackbeth.	1	8	King.
Madness for grief and love, in Ophelia. vol. 8	Hamlet.	4	5. 7	
N.				
Nature, state of. vol. 1	Temp.	2	1	Gon.
Nature and art. v. 3	Wint. Tale.	4	5	Pol. Per.
O				
Oak, large, old. vol. 2	As you like it.	4	6	Ol.
P.				
Parting of lovers. vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	3	7	
Popularity. vol. 4	Richard 2.	1	7	K. Rich.
Pride. ibid.	ibid.	1	4	idem.
Peace. ibid.	ibid.	1	4	idem.
— after civil war. ibid.	1 Hen. 4.	1	1	K. Hen.
Prodigies. ibid.	Richard 2.	2	11	Cap.
— item. ibid.	1 Hen. 4.	3	1	Glend.
— item. ibid.	2 Hen. 4.	4	9	Cl. and Gl.
— item. vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	1	6	Cafe.
Peace. vol. 5	Richard 3.	1	1	Rich.
— betwixt York and Lancaster. ib.	ibid.	5	7	Richm.
Play, a bad one de- scrib'd. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	5	1	Philost.

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Picture of a beautiful woman. vol. 2	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Pictures of Adonis, Venus, Io, Daphne and Apollo. v. 3	Mer. of Ven.	3	2	Bafs.
Poetry. vol. 6	Tam. of the Sh.	1	4	Poet.
Prodigies. ibid.	Timon.	1	1	Calph.
— item. vol. 8	Jul. Caesar.	2	4	Horat.
Poison. ibid.	Hamlet.	1	1	Laer.
R.	ibid.	4	9	
Rumour. vol. 4	2 Henry 4.	in	the	Induction.
— item. ibid.	ibid.	3	2	War.
Roses, red and white, the badges of two parties. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	2	5	
S.				
A song (Welch) v. 4	1 Hen. 4.	3	3	Mort. & Gle.
Sleep. ibid.	2 Hen. 4.	3	1	K. Hen.
Signs of change in government. vol. 5	Richard 3.	2	4	3 Cit.
Sleep. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	3	9	Ob.
A stream beautifully describ'd. ibid.	2 Gent. Ver.	2	10	Jul.
Sleep, found. ibid.	Meaf. for Meaf.	4	6	Claud.
Stag, in the chase. vol. 2	As you like it.	2	1	1 Lord.
Snake. ibid.	ibid.	4	6	Oli.
Sound sleep. vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	2	2	Brut.
Storm at sea. vol. 8	Othello.	2	1	
T.				
Time, the seeming inequality of its motion. vol. 2	As you like it.	3	8	Reft.
V.				
Vifion, of good spirits. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	4	2	

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	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Virginity. vol. 2	All's well, &c.	1	3	Par.
A victory long disputed. vol. 7	Macbeth.	1	1	
— and pursuit of the conquer'd. v. 8	Cymbeline.	5	2	Post.
W.				
War, the prognostics of it. vol. 4	Richard 2.	2	11	Captain.
— preparation for. ibid.	Henry 5.	2	1	Chorus.
— ill effects of. ibid.	ibid.	5	3	Burg.
— item. vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	5	5	Y. Cliff.
A wreck. vol. 1	Tempest.	1	2	Mer.
— item. vol. 2	Com. of Er.	1	3	Ari.
— describ'd by a clown. vol. 3	Wint. Tale.	1	1	Ægeon.
White hand. ibid.	ibid.	3	7	
Wonder proceeding from sudden joy. ibid.	ibid.	4	7	Fle.
White hand. vol. 7	Tro. and Cres.	5	5	3 Gent &c.
		1	1	Tro.
IV. <i>Descriptions of Times and Seasons.</i>				
Year, unfruitful and sickly. vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	2	2	Queen.
Spring. vol. 2	Love's Lab. lost.	5	10	Song.
Winter. ibid.	As you like it.	2	1	Duke Sen.
— item. ibid.	Love's Lab. lost.	5	10	Song.
Day-break. vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	3	3	Glend.
— item. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	2	3	Bed.

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		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Day-break.	vol. 5	Richard 3.	5	3	Stan.
— item.	vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	3	9	Puck.
— item.	vol. 2	M. A. abt. Noth.	5	8	Pedro.
— item.	vol. 7	Tro. and Cref.	4	2	Tro.
— item.	vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	3	7	
— item.	ibid.	Hamlet.	1	1	Hor.
Morning.	vol. 4	Richard 2.	3	2	Richard.
A low'ring mor- ning.	ibid.	1 Hen. 4.	5	1	K. & P. H.
— clear.	vol. 5	3 Hen. 6.	2	1	Rich.
Morning.	vol. 1	Tempest.	5	3	Pro.
— item.	ibid.	Midf. N. Dr.	3	9	Ob.
A pleasant morning.					
	vol. 7	Titus Andro.	2	4	Tam.
— item.	vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	2	4	Fri.
Sun-rising.	vol. 7	Titus Andro.	2	1	Aar.
— item.	vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	1	2	Ben. Moun.
Evening, a fair one.					
	vol. 5	Richard 3.	5	3	Rich.
Twilight.	vol. 4	K. John.	5	6	Melun.
— item.	vol. 7	Mackbeth.	3	4	1 Mur.
Night, in a camp.					
	vol. 4	Hen. 5.	4	1	Chorus.
— stormy.	vol. 3	K. Lear.	3	1. 2.	Gent. Kent.
Midnight.	vol. 4	K. John.	3	5	K. John.
— item.	vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	1	8	Boling.
— item.	ibid.	ibid.	4	1	Capt.
Night.	vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	3	8	Her.
— item.	ibid.	ibid.	5	3	Puck.
— a beautiful de- scription of a moonlight.	vol. 2	Mer. of Ven.	5	1	Lor. Por.
— tempestuous.					
	vol. 6	Jul. Caesar.	1.	6	Casc.

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I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Night.	vol. 7	Macbeth.	2	{ 4 6	Len. Old M. & R.
--- item.	ibid.	ibid.	3	3	Mac.
--- item.	ibid.	Tro. and Cref.	5	14	Achil.
--- item.	vol. 8	Rom. and Jul.	3	4	Jul.
Midnight.	ibid.	Hamlet.	3	8	Ham.

S E C T. VII.

I N D E X of some
Similies and Allu-
sions.

A.

Authority, com-
pared to a far-

mer's dog. vol. 3

Anger, to an high-
mettled horſe. v. 6

--- to boiling wa-
ter. ibid.

Ambition, to the
dream of a ſhadow.

vol. 8

K. Lear.

Hen. 8.

ibid.

Hamlet.

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Lear.

Nor.

idem.

Guild.

B.

A doubtful battle,
to a ſwan ſwim-
ming againſt a
ſtream. vol. 5

--- to a cloudy
morning, and a
ſtormy ſea. ibid.

Beautiful maid, to a
Siren. vol. 2

3 Hen. 6.

ibid.

Com. of Er.

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York.

K. Hen.

S. Ant.

I N D E X.

C.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Courage compar'd to a falcon.				
vol. 4	Richard 2.	1	4	Boling.
— to a captive set free. ibid.	ibid.	1	4	Mowbray.
Contention, to a horse broke loose.				
ibid.	2 Hen. 4.	1	1	North.
Consideration, to an angel. vol. 4	Hen. 5.	1	1	Cant.
Catharine, queen, to a lilly. vol. 6	Hen. 8.	3	1	Queen.
A crowd dispers'd, to wild geese.				
vol. 1	Midf. N. Dr.	3	4	Puck.
Courtship, the de- grees of it com- par'd to dances.				
vol. 2	M. A. abt. Noth.	2	1	Beat.
D.				
Diffimulation, to a snake. vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	3	3	Q. Mar.
E.				
England to an eagle, Scotland to a wea- zel. vol. 4	Henry 5.	1	2	Ely.
Q Elizabeth, to the maiden Phoenix.				
vol. 6	Henry 8.	5	8	Cran.
F.				
Father (good) of a bad son, to the clear spring of a muddy stream.				
vol. 4	Richard 2.	5	7	Boling.

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I N D E X.

Favœurites, to a new-trimm'd ves- sel, and their en- viers to ravenous fishes. vol. 6	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
— to honey- suckles excluding the sun. vol. 2	Hen. 8.	1	4	Wol.
G.	M. A. abt. Noth.	3	1	Hero.
Garden, compar'd to government, in disorder. vol. 4	Richard 2.	3	7	
Government, to bees. ibid.	Hen. 5.	1	2	Cant.
Glory, to a circle in the water. vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	1	6	Pucel.
General, an old, to to a winter lion. vol. 5	2 Hen. 6.	5	7	York.
H.				
Henry prince com- paring himself to the sun in clouds. vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	1	3	P. Hen.
— to rich oar in a dark foil. ibid.				
— to Mars. ibid.	Hen. 5. Prol.			
— to a strawber- ry growing among weeds. ibid.	Henry 5.	1	1	Ely.
Heart, a penitent one, to a ripe mul- berry. vol. 6	Coriol.	3	5	Vol.
I.				
Insurrection to a storm. vol. 4	2 Hen. 4.	2	11	Pr. Hen.

I N D E X.

Infurrection to bees.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Persons
vol. 4	2 Hen. 4.	3	6	War.
K. James I. to a cedar.	vol. 6 Hen. 8.	5	8	Cran.
K.				
King Richard, compar'd to a falling star and the setting sun.	vol. 4 Richard 2.	2	11	Salif.
King's return to his country compar'd to a mother's meeting her child.	ibid.	3	2	K. Rich.
L.				
Love, compar'd to a canker in a bud.	vol. 1 2 Gent. Ver.	1	1	Pro. Val.
— to April weather.	ibid.	1	4	Pro.
— to a waxen Image.	ibid.	1	7	idem.
Lover, to a camellion.	vol. 1	2	1	Speed.
Love compar'd to a figure on ice.	ibid.	3	5	Duke.
Lover successful, to a conqueror.	vol. 2 Mer. of Ven.	3	2	Bafs.
— his thoughts, to the inarticulate joys of a crowd.	ibid.	3	2	idem.
M.				
Mind, in doubt, compar'd to the tide.	vol. 4 2 Hen. 4.	2	6	North.

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I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Maids, to flies.				
vol. 4	Hen. 5.	5	5	Burg.
O.				
Opportunity, to the tide.	Jul. Caesar.	4	5	Brut.
vol. 6				
P.				
Promises, to the garden of Adonis.				
vol. 5	1 Hen. 6.	1	11	Dan.
R.				
Rebels, returning to allegiance, compar'd to a flood.				
vol. 4	K. John.	5	6	Sal.
Reason returning, to the morning.	Tempest.	5	3	Pro.
vol. 1				
S.				
Sun rising in a cloudy sky, to king Richard in discontent.	Richard 2.	3	6	Boling.
vol. 4				
Sun rising after a dark night, to the restoration of a lawful king.	ibid.	3	2	K. Rich.
ibid.				
Spies, to lim'd-twigs.	2 Hen. 6.	1	5	Suf.
vol. 5				
Soldiers, to bees.	Tit. Andro.	5	1	Goth.
vol. 7				
T.				
Treason compar'd to a fox.	1 Hen. 4.	5	3	Wor.
vol. 4				
Tears, to dew on a lily.	Tit. Andro.	3	2	Tit.
vol. 7				

I N D E X.

W.	Play.	Act.	Scene	Person.
Worcester E. of, in rebellion, compared to a meteor.				
vol. 4	1 Hen. 4.	5	1	K. Hen.
Warwick's death, to the fall of a cedar.				
vol. 5	3 Hen. 6.	5	3	War.
Wolfey, cardinal, to a falling star.				
vol. 6	Hen. 8.	3	4	
Wanderer, to a drop of water in the ocean.				
vol. 2	Com. of Er.	1	3	Ant.
World, compar'd to a stage.				
vol. 2	As you like it.	2	9	Jaques.
Widow, to a turtle.				
vol. 3	Wint. Tal.	5	7	Pan.
Y.				
D. of York fighting, to a lion among a herd of neat.				
vol. 5	3 Hen. 6.	2	1	Rich.



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VARIOUS READINGS
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SInce the publication of our first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakespear publish'd by Lewis Theobald (which he would not communicate during the time where-in that edition was preparing for the press, when we, by public advertisements, did request the assistance of all lovers of this author) we have inserted, in this impression, as many of 'em as are judg'd of any the least advantage to the poet; the whole amounting to about twenty five words.

But to the end every reader may judge for himself, we have annexed a *compleat list* of the *rest*; which if he shall think *trivial*, or *erroneous*, either in part or the whole; at worst it can spoil but a half sheet of paper, that chances to be left vacant here. And we purpose for the future, to do the same with respect to any other persons, who either thro' *candor* or *vanity*, shall communicate or publish, the least thing tending to the illustration of our author. We have here omitted nothing but *pointings* and *meer errors* of the *press*, which I hope the corrector of it has rectify'd; if not, I cou'd wish as accurate an one as Mr. Th. had been at that trouble, which I desired Mr. Tonsen to solicit him to undertake.

A. P.

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VARIOUS READINGS,

VARIOUS READINGS, GUESSES, &c.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.] Act 1. Scene 7. page 15. line 17. *Sometimes the beams of her view* *gilded my foot, sometimes my porily belly.* L. T. calls this reading (*gilded for guided*) his own; but it is in the first folio edition, which it hereby appears he had never seen.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.] Act 5. Sc. 2. p. 77. l. 14. for *mural*, he would have it *mure all*.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.] Act 1. Sc. 2. p. 12. l. 19. for *colt* he supposes *dolt*. Act 4. Sc. 2. p. 68. *Not on thy Soul!—but on thy Soul, harsh Jew, Thou sharpen'st thy revenge—* He restores a *pun* to this passage, *Not on thy Sole, but on thy Soul, harsh Jew—*—page 71. l. 6. for *truth* he reads *ruth*.

KING LEAR.] Act 1. Sc. 15. p. 32. l. 22. *Th' untender woundings of a father's curse*, he reads *Th' untented woundings*. Act 2. Sc. 11. p. 54. l. 1. Instead of—*strike her young bones, Infecting airs!* he would have it, *You taking airs!* Act 3. Sc. 2. p. 62. *I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness, You owe me no submission*, he chuses to read *no subscription*. Act 4. Sc. 1. p. 81. l. 12. *Our mean secures us—* (i. e. our mean estate) he would alter arbitrarily, *Our means* (i. e. riches) *ensnare us*. Act 5. Sc. 10. p. 117. l. 27. *'Twas no man else—* he prefers the two negatives. *Nor no man else*.

KING JOHN.] Act 3. Sc. 2. p. 42. for *In likeness of a new untrimmed bride*, read, *betrimmed bride*. End of the first Act of K. John. He thinks this Act ends wrong, and that some scene follow'd which is lost; because otherwise Constantia sits down on the stage only to rise again and go off. It seems to be so, and it were to be wish'd the restorer could supply it.

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.] Act 2. Sc. 2. p. 28. l. 5. *great one-eyers*, He conjectures should be *great Seigniors*—Act 5. Sc. 1. p. 89. l. 6. *peace chevet, peace—* he would alter to *peace chewet, peace*. The first signifies a bolster, the second a magpie; it is spoken to Falstaff.

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SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.] Act 2. Sc. 10. p. 46. Pistol says to Falstaff, "*Sweet knight I kiss thy Neif.*" Which word signifies a wench, and he has been quarrelling with Falstaff's Doll. The corrector thinks it impossible that a drunken fellow should offer at such a thing, and therefore supposes *neif* here must be taken in its other sense, for a *fist*, and so he desires to kiss sir John's hand.

HENRY V.] Act 2. Sc. 3. p. 33. lin. ult. *His nose was as sharp as a pen*——" and a Table of green fields." Mr. P——omitted this latter part, because no such words are to be found in any edition till after the author's death. However the restorer has a mind they should be genuine, and since he cannot otherwise make sense of 'em, would have a meer conjecture admitted, that it may be thus——" and 'a babled of green fields."

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.] Pag. 18. lin. 3. for *ambitious* umpire, he would read conjecturally, *ambitious Humphrey*. SECOND PART, Act 2. Sc. 4. p. 35. l. ult. for Edward Langley, read Edmond (rectè.) THIRD PART, p. 24. l. 23. *Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood*, he conjectures should be --- *roses juic'd with blood*.

RICHARD III.] Act 2. Sc. 1. In the stage direction, *Flourish*, Enter King Edward sick, ---- *dele Flourish*. (rectè.)

IN HENRY VIII.] Act 2. Sc. 4. for *chiverel* read *cheveril*.

TIMON OF ATHENS.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 8. l. 22. ---- *mean eyes have seen the foot above the head*. (i. e. ordinary, common observation has seen the vicissitude of human grandeur) He would correct it, "*men's eyes*----Act 2. Sc. 1. l. ult.--- *And have the dates in. Come, read, And have the dates in compt.* (rectè.)

CORIOLANUS.] Act 1. Sc 8. *Thou wert a soldier even to Calvus' wish*, &c. He clearly proves from a passage in Plutarch, that Shakespear writ Cato in this place. A terrible anachronism, which might have layn hid, but for this restorer.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.] Act 1. Sc. 5. p. 19. l. 32. *Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lashing*

VARIOUS READINGS,

the varying tyde---He corrects to, *lacking the varying tyde.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.] Act 3. Sc. ult. p. 52. l. 2.---
How would he hang his wings And buzz lamenting doings in the
air! He has somewhere seen it read, *dronings*; the right read-
ing seems to be *lamented doings* (i. e.) complain of lamentable
cruelties.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 7. l. 15.
Instead of the note admiration in all the editions, *O that! her
hand!* he would have it, *How white her hand!* l. 10. instead of,
How many fathoms deep they lye intrench'd, he would have in-
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nest light, he would alter by guess, *harnes-dight*. Sc. 4. p. 11.
the note at the bottom, *Good-morrow Alexander*. This mate-
rial passage he thinks fit to restore, because it might be the
name of Cressid's man-servant, for ought we know, tho' he is
no where else mention'd: and 'tis not impossible but Pandarus
might bid him good-morrow. — Act 2. Sc. 4. p. 41 l. 16. for
And read But; l. 18. *Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought*.
This is said by Hector, and Mr. Row alter'd it, *whom graver*
sages thought, so that he is mistaken in saying no edition had it
so, but acts the part of a restorer in vindicating the anachro-
nism to Shakespear.

CYMBELINE.] Act 3. Sc. 4. p. 60. *Dis-edg'd by her whom
now thou tirest on* (metaph. from hawking) he would have it,
Dis-seig'd.

HAMLET.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 6. l. 27. for *illumine* the re-
storor reads *illumine*. p. 10. for *strike it with my partizan*, he
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he reads, *That it shou'd come to this!---* l. 7. *So loving to my mother, That he permitted not the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly* --He says some old editions have *That he might not beteen the winds*, &c. whence he would alter it, *That he might not let 'een the winds*, &c. instead of *That he permitted not---* p. 16. l. 91. *My father's brother ; no more like my father than I to Hercules---* he would spoil the measure to insert, *My father's brother*, but *no more like my father* — Sc. 4. p. 19. l. 5. *Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me*, he redoubles the word *Indeed*. Sc. 5. p. 21. l. 11. *The sanctity and health of the whole state*, he conjectures shou'd be, *sanity and health*, (which seems the same thing) Sc. 6. p. 23. l. 20. *What is't, Ophelia, he said to you?* he makes *What is't Ophelia, he hath said to you?* p. 24. l. 6. — *Tender yourself more dearly, Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool*. He alters by conjecture, ranging it thus — Sc. 7. p. 25. *This heavy-headed revel, &c.* are put into the bottom of the page, as lines which had been left out after the first edition. He supposes Mr. P--- never saw a 4^{to} edition of 1637. where they are again inserted: he did see that edition; but it bearing small authority, as printed so many years after Shakespear's death, he chose to follow the editions in his life-time, one of 1605. and one of 1611. mention'd (as Mr. T--- might have seen) in his catalogue of editions. In these lines he alters *mole* to *mold*, *star* to *scar*, *ease* to *base*, and *a doubt* to *worth out*, which gives the whole a glimmering of sense, but it is purely conjectural, and founded on no authority of copies. Sc. 7. p. 27. l. 4. *So horribly to shake our disposition*, he reads *so* horribly. — Sc. 8. p. 29. l. 2. *And for the day confin'd to fast in fires*: So it is in all the editions, but he desires to have it, *roast in fires*. p. 29. l. 22. *That I, with wings as swift, May sweep to my revenge*: he guesses shou'd be — *may swoop to my revenge*. p. 31. l. 3. instead of *unhouzzel'd, unanointed, un-anell'd*. He reads, *unhousel'd, unanell'd*, and gives his affirmation, that *unanell'd* never signify'd *No knell rung*. Sc. 9. p. 33. l. 8. for, *These are but wild and hurling words*, He wou'd have, *whirling words*.

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too roughly
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p. 16. l. 91
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p. 21. l. 1
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G U E S S E S, &c.

he reads, *That it shou'd come to this!---* l. 7. *So loving to my mother, That he permitted not the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly* --He says some old editions have *That he might not between the winds, &c.* whence he would alter it, *That he might not let 'een the winds, &c.* instead of *That he permitted not---*
p. 16. l. 91. *My father's brother ; no more like my father than I to Hercules---* he would spoil the measure to insert, *My father's brother, but no more like my father* — Sc. 4. p. 19. l. 5. *Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me,* he redoubles the word *Indeed.* Sc. 5. p. 21. l. 11. *The sanctity and health of the whole state,* he conjectures shou'd be, *sanity and health,* (which seems the same thing) Sc. 6. p. 23. l. 20. *What is't, Ophelia, he said to you?* he makes *What is't Ophelia, he hath said to you?* p. 24. l. 6. — *Tender yourself more dearly, Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool.* He alters by conjecture, ranging it thus — Sc. 7. p. 25. *This heavy-headed revel, &c.* are put into the bottom of the page, as lines which had been left out after the first edition. He supposes Mr. P--- never saw a 4to edition of 1637. where they are again inserted: he did see that edition; but it bearing small authority, as printed so many years after Shakespear's death, he chose to follow the editions in his life-time, one of 1605. and one of 1611. mention'd (as Mr. T--- might have seen) in his catalogue of editions. In these lines he alters *mole* to *mold*, *star* to *scar*, *ease* to *base*, and *a doubt* to *worth out*, which gives the whole a glimmering of sense, but it is purely conjectural, and founded on no authority of copies. Sc. 7. p. 27. l. 4. *So horribly to shake our disposition,* he reads *so* horribly. — Sc. 8. p. 29. l. 2. *And for the day confin'd to fast in fires:* So it is in all the editions, but he desires to have it, *roast in fires.* p. 29. l. 22. *That I, with wings as swift, May sweep to my revenge:* he guesses shou'd be — *may swoop to my revenge.* p. 31. l. 3. instead of *unhouzzel'd, unanointed, un-anell'd.* He reads, *unbousel'd, unanell'd,* and gives his affirmation, that *unanell'd* never signify'd *No knell rung.* Sc. 9. p. 33. l. 8. for, *These are but wild and hurling words,* He wou'd have, *whirling words.*

VARIOUS READINGS,

Act 2. Sc. 1. p. 36. l. 14. *You must not put another scandal* read, an utter scandal. P. 36. l. 25. *And I believe it is a fetch of wit.* Another reading has it—a *fetch of warrant*. The next line for *fallies* read *fullies*, (or spots) subst. Sc. 4. p. 41. l. ult. *Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;* it has been alter'd (from the year 1637.) to—*Gives him threescore thousand*—which in his ear is a verse. P. 42. l. 27. *that he is mad 'tis true ; 'tis true, 'tis pity ; and pity, it is true :—* He makes this material correction, *That he is mad, 'tis true ; 'tis true, 'tis pity ; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.* P. 44. l. 15. *Do you think this? alter'd, Do you think 'tis this?* Sc. 6. p. 50. l. 23. *These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—* He conjectures that fashion should be *faëtion*, and stages, *stagers*. Sc. 7. p. 54. l. 8. *The rugged Pyrrhus, &c.* All these verses out of a tragedy of those times, which (as the editor thinks) are horrible fustian, and commended ironically, This corrector esteems to be very fine ones; and is at a loss how to reconcile what Hamlet says of that play, “ That it had no *salt*, and no *affection* in it;” wherefore he substitutes *affectation*, and judiciously explains it, that tho’ the play indeed had no *salt*, that is no *poignant or virulent satire* in it ; yet to make amends for that great defect (of satire in a tragedy) it had however no *affectation*; of which the reader will be the best judge, when he casts his eye on the whole together—Sc. 7. p. 55. l. 7. *A silence in the heavens, The rack stand still.* He does not know there is any such word in English, as the *rack* of the clouds; so supposes it should be *wrack*. P. 56. l. 12. *Look if he have not turn'd his colour*—he corrects *Look* where (for whether) *he have not turn'd his colour*.

Act 3. Sc. 1. p. 60. *And drive his purpose into these delights. — on to these delights.* Sc. 7. p. 72. *and as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.* He reads *and as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.* P. 74. l. 15. *Still worse and worse,* he conjectures, *still better and worse.*—Sc. 8. p. 75. l. 10. for *rayed shoes*, he guesses *rais'd shoes*. l. 17. A very very *peacock*, he is desirous should be *meacock*, or *paddock*, or *puttock*, or any thing but *pea-*

cock. P. 78. *is back'd like* r. *To let his n*—he redolence is rank—ther's murder p. 82. l. 3. U reads conjecture And (wou'd P. 84. in the lines not to b ones. P. 85. prefers another

Act 4. Sc. (and, tho' of two words.

Come Gert And let the And what's “ (Whose “ As level “ Transpor “ And hit t My soul is Sc. 3. p. 95. l have, conjuring father, and w And adds the what news? —

necessary, and more lines in

Act 5. Sc. throw—the former, M proud death? reading has it

GUESSES, &c.

cock. P. 78. l. 18. It is *black* like an *ouze*, another reading, It is *back'd* like a *weezel*. Sc. 9. l. 2. To let his *madness* rage.—
r. To let his *madness* range. Ibid. To keep those many bodies safe
—he redoubles the word *many*— P. 80. l. 16. Oh! my of-
fence is *rank*——It has the *primal eldest* curse upon it, A bro-
ther's murder! He adds, That of a brother's murder. Sc. 10.
p. 82. l. 3. Up sword and know thou a more horrid time, he
reads conjecturally a more horrid bent. Sc. 11. p. 83. l. 7.
And (*would it were not so?*) you are my mother, r. But.
P. 84. in the speech of Hamlet to his mother, he inserts some
lines not to be found before the edition of 1637. and very bad
ones. P. 85. l. 18. In the *rank sweat* of an incestuous bed, he
prefers another reading, *enseamed* bed.

Act 4. Sc. 1. He replaces some verses which were imperfect,
(and, tho' of a modern date, seem to be genuine) by inserting
two words.

Come Gertrude, we'll call up your wisest friends:

And let them know both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done. "*Happily, Slander,*

" (*Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,*

" *As level as the cannon to his blank,*

" *Transports his poison'd shot*) may miss our name,

" *And hit the woundless air.*"——O come away,

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

Sc. 3. p. 95. l. 1. By *letters* congruing to that effect, he would
have, *conjuring* to that effect. Sc. 9. p. 107. l. 9. I lov'd your
father, and we love yourself. He prefers *And we love* ourself:
And adds these words, from the second folio edition, *How now,*
what news? — — *Letters my lord from Hamlet;* which are not
necessary, and omitted in the first edition. He also adds two
more lines in the same way a little lower.

Act 5. Sc. 5. p. 130. l. 16. And in the cup an onyx shall be
throw—— An union is the other reading: Mr. Pope prefers
the former, Mr. T—— the latter. Sc. 6. p. 134. l. 8. Oh
proud death? What feast is tow'rd in thine eternal cell? Another
reading has it *infernal*.

VARIOUS READINGS, GUESSES, &c.

OTHELLO.] Act 4. Sc. 1. p. 32. l. 17. *Convinced or supplied them*, he alters to—*Convinc'd or supplied them*. Act 1. Sc. 8. p. 21. l. 6. ——— *And sold to slavery, my redemption thence, And with it all my travels history*: It is so in the first edition; but he prefers, *And portance in my travels history*. Tho' it be thus only in the latter editions, he questions not but Shakespear himself alter'd it so after the first; which if the remarker had ever seen, he would have found the play was not published at all 'till after the author's death. (See Walkley's preface to it.)

In general, Mr. T—— prefers the contrary readings to those chosen by Mr. P——. The readers may take which they think best, and when they are all agreed, the text may be establish'd accordingly.

F I N I S.



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